"ON BLACK HAWK'S TRAIL," THRILLING HISTORIC STORY OF THE INDIANS AND ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN THIS ISSUE

CHICAGO LEDGER

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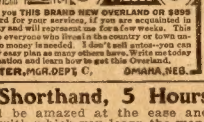

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To one of station lowly
And far removed from fame
In early youth a holy
Prophetic vision came.

He cherished well the vision
That nursed the germ of truth;
In spite of men's derision;
In spite of waning youth.

When sacrifice was needed
He gave, nor grudged the gift;
And as the years receded
He saw the darkness lift.

The fogs that clouded reason
Were scattered by the light
And what before was treason
Grew sacred in men's sight.

His memory, without equal,
Lies in our hearts enshrined;
For he, so runs the sequel,
Serves best, who serves mankind.

—Frederick Ames Coates.

Some Stories of Lincoln

His Homely Humor.

WHILE Mr. Lincoln was sitting in his Presidential office he was interrupted by one of his many advisers. The man at once began discussing important affairs. It happened at this time that Mr. Lincoln must keep his affairs private, and, not wanting to send the gentleman away angry, he began a story:

"How would you like to have all your gold placed on a man's back and have him walk tight rope across Niagara Falls? Would you bellow out at him: 'Fall to the north! A little to the left! Look out!' Or would you sit on the shore and keep your mouth shut? This is the way it is with the Government." The gentleman bade Mr. Lincoln good-by and went away in a good humor, understanding better that it was not the time to give advice on Government affairs.

—

When Count Zeppelin, now famous as the inventor of Germany's giant airships, visited Washington as a young man he called upon Lincoln. Zeppelin was the Wuerttemberg military observer with the Union armies, and he expected that a visit to the commander in chief of those armies would be a very formal affair. The meeting was arranged for an afternoon, and young Zeppelin put on a full dress suit, according to the European custom.

He was amazed upon entering the White House that so few people asked him his business or interfered with him. A secretary asked his name and admitted him at once to the President's office.

Lincoln was sitting on a desk when Zeppelin entered and his long legs dangled almost to the floor. He was swinging them back and forward much as a schoolboy does when sitting upon a fence. While in this attitude the head of the Nation was talking with Mr. Seward, Secretary of State. Count Zeppelin was amazed when the President leaned far forward, stretched out his hand to his visitor and asked him all about Germany and the Germans.

—

Judge Kellogg tried in vain to induce Secretary of War Stanton to pardon a friend of his who had been sentenced to death for some misdemeanor. Thereupon he exclaimed:

"Well, Mr. Secretary, the boy is not going to be shot—of that I give you fair warning!"

Immediately he rushed to the White House, and, altho it was night time, he rushed upstairs, woke up the President and put the matter up to him.

"This man must not be shot, Mr. President," said he. "I can't help what he may have done. Why, he is an old neighbor of mine. I can't allow him to be shot!"

Mr. Lincoln remained in bed, quietly listening to Judge Kellogg's appeal. At length he said:

"Well, I don't believe shooting him will do any good. Give me that pen." And so saying, he spared the poor fellow's life by adding that simple signature, "A. Lincoln," to a slip of paper.

Lincoln's Kindliness.

THOMAS W. LORD of Pennsylvania tells the following stories about Lincoln and the children:

At the beginning of the war I was a mere lad. Like all other boys at that time I was fired with patriotic spirit and went about the village streets making speeches and urging every man to enlist. I did not then know what the war meant, but I knew our side. My enthusiasm was so great that my appearance on the street was a signal to get me up on a store goods box to make a speech. My father related this to Lincoln and asked permission to bring me to the White House. This was granted, and one morning we drove there and were received by the President alone. As he rose to greet us I thought he was the longest, ugliest and most ungainly man I had ever seen. When I was presented to him he leaned down, and taking me by the hand, said: "So this is the little patriot? Ah, Mr. Lloyd, in these times the boy is indeed father to the man. I wish all the men in the North had his spirit." He took me on his knee and talked to me about the war, and the ugliness was forgotten. As I looked into his deep-set, kindly eyes, the firm mouth, around which a smile hovered, and listened to his gentle voice, I began to think he was positively handsome.

Mr. Lloyd also tells the following incident, illustrating Lincoln's kindness of heart:

A young boy who had served with distinction in a naval engagement on board the gunboat Ottawa and in another as captain's messenger was recommended to a cadetship at the naval academy at Annapolis. Lincoln was glad to make the appointment, and the lad was directed to report for examination in July. Just before starting from home it was discovered that the boy could not be admitted, being under 14, the required age—his birthday not occurring until the September following. The boy was bitterly disappointed and feared he would not be able to go at all. He was told he would be taken to see the President, who would make it all right. Some time afterward he was taken to the White House and presented to the President, to whom he made a graceful bow. The difficulty was explained and the President said:

"Why, bless me, is that the boy who aided so gallantly in those two battles? Why, I feel as tho I should take off my hat to him and not he to me." The President took the papers and issued an order that the boy should report in September instead of in July. Then putting his hand on the lad's shoulder, he said: "Now, my boy, go home and have good fun during these two months, for they are about the last holiday you will get." The little fellow bowed himself out, feeling that the President, tho a great man, was at the same time a kindly one.

Very Much the Same.

WHEN Lincoln was still an insignificant country lawyer he had occasion to travel to a small town to take charge of a case. It was a drive of some fourteen miles from the railroad station to the town inn where he was to spend the night. Wet and chilled to the bone he arrived at last, but to his dismay found only a small fire built in the grate, while standing about it, so as to exclude the heat from the traveler, were the other lawyers interested in the case.

At length one of the group turned to Lincoln.

"Pretty cold, eh?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Lincoln, "as cold as it is hot in Hades."

"Ever been to Hades, stranger?" asked another.

"Yes," replied Lincoln, solemnly.

This raised a faint smile among the other lawyers.

"What does it look like there?" they asked.

"Very much like this," said Lincoln dryly: "all the lawyers nearest the fire."

Why Not?

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"Then why not give him a clock?"

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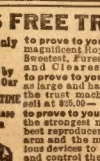

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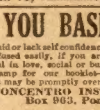

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A Trial of Nerve

By Ladd Plumley

There comes a moment in some lives when a man is made or broken, according to what he decides. This story deals with such a moment.

The Tiger Snarled Its Rage and Pain, but It Turned Its Fiery Eyes Away From the Steady Eyes Which Were Within Inches of Its Head.

AT THE rehearsal Madam Helmer complained that her leopards were "bad," and the little lady had to use her whip. Felix, a big spotted Tartar, refused to take his place on his tricycle. He snarled and thrashed his tail. The trainer had to separate Felix from the five other leopards and drive him into the runway, from which keepers forced him into his cage.

When M'sieu Beriot, whip in hand and pistol in pocket, admitted his tigers to the great wired arena, one after another, a magnificent Bengal giant, which should have followed the others, did not appear. For two or three minutes the trainer waited for the missing performer; already the six tigers were snarling and curling back their lips. Beriot was forced to make the tigers take their places, as if he were about to put them thru their parts. Then he waited again, facing his "pets" with apparent carelessness, but much concerned because of the absent Fury.

An animal man stepped quietly to the bars outside. "M'sieu Beriot," he said, in a low voice, "Fury is not in the runway —he is not in his cage—we don't know where he is."

Beriot did not turn his head. He carelessly flipped his whip on his high boots. "It is that you open the runway," he replied.

It was not easy to induce the performers to leave the arena. Due to the absence of their chief, all were uneasy, and Juno, an immense Siberian tigress, leaping away from the exit, had to be faced a dozen times. Her trainer was obliged to use his whip. This she resented, crouching as if making ready for her spring. Beriot waited. He had not heard the signal which announced that the other tigers had been directed into their cages. Presently came the signal. He turned his back to the gate and slowly advanced until he had gained a position within two paces of Juno.

"Beauty!" he said. "It is the runway for you, my girl!"

For a moment it seemed to those without that the tigress would make her charge. One of the trainers picked up the sharpened steel bar which is used when animals make an attack. Then, showing her tusks, Juno began a slow retreat, her body crawling low along the planks. Beriot followed her, urging her with soothing words onward. When she had crawled into the runway and the gate had been closed, he leaped back to the door of the arena.

"Plympton!" he called to one of his men. "Obtain Davis and Petersen! Make the warning for the sweepers! Have ready the pistols! We take no chances with the big Fury!"

While Beriot and the men who were aiding in the search went quietly here and there, investigating the lower corridors and the cellars of the great building, a hunched-up little man limped back and forth at his task of sweeping out the front entrance. Beyond him were two of the employes of the building.

"Speaking of that guy," said one of the two, pointing his pipe toward the sweeper, "there's cowards and cowards, but he sure takes the cake! The window boss wanted him. He's little, and altho he's lame he's almighty spry. Mack offered him three times what he gits for sweeping. Chucked him a safety belt. Mack says if you'd tripped him he couldn't have fallen. But one window was enough. I was back of the upper tier of seats, and when he'd finished off the window I seed his face. Believe me, he was scared plumb thru to his gizzard. He rips off the belt and sneaks away. The next time I seed him he was pushing his little broom. No window cleaning for Shorty boy!"

"Shorty," as he had been nicknamed, had answered an advertisement and had been employed by the manager, who was sorry for the little lame man. From the first he had had nothing to do with his fellow workers. Where he had come from was unknown, and the impression had gained force that the name he had given to the manager was assumed. Altho a foreigner, he spoke fair English, the English that has been learned in a Continental city.

While the two continued to smoke their pipes out in the spring sunshine, and the sweeper went on with his task, an animal man came from the door. "You fellows must keep that door shut," said the animal man. "One of Beriot's tigers has made a getaway. The building is new to him—the show hit it here last night. He'll be in a rip-tearing mood. Here, you lame chap, watch that door! Don't let anybody open it, and don't open it yourself. Tigers are tigers! But perhaps you'd like to take a hand inside!" he sneered.

The men at the entrance joined in the trainer's laugh. "Shorty and a tiger!" exclaimed one. "Say, wouldn't I pay good box money to glimpse it! And I've just remembered that my woman asked me to buy something. Guess it's this little Willie boy for Third avenue."

Both of the two slipped away, leaving the trainer to return into the building, and "Shorty" to guard the outside of the door.

"You are knowing that you come to this country for your own reasons," said the sweeper to himself. "It was best that before once again you go back, that you should know that you can do the flying. It must be proved, so you have said, that the fears have passed. You are not afraid of the Boches—no—not that fear. But a man's nerve! When many wounds come and much sickness, and many dying at your side, a man's nerve is wounded like his body. And before you go back you must be the most certain. For France there must be no mistake. It was a fool thing—that window! Bah! For a man who has dropped bombs on the Boches, and has fought to the finish at three thousand feet! Yet, he must return. And soon. Now comes the tiger! Perhaps he goes in and shall find the tiger. It is the chance he shall prove that the nerve has come back once more—and that he is yet again the man he once was—Duprey!"

The little man hesitated. Several times he placed his hand on the knob of the door, and several times he retreated to the street. "If you—Duprey—should have knowledge that you were—the—coward —that would be a thing most terrible," he whispered. "Wisdom it was that they know not your true name. If you shall find yourself the—coward—it would be like death—like death. For the others, it would be nothing. They think you are afraid of a little thing like a high window. Assuredly you were. But that was a month ago. They did not know what a fool thing that was—and it is well they did not know that Duprey was afraid of a window."

At length, with a shrug, as if throwing off his fears, the little man stepped to the door and turned the knob. When within, he locked the door and threw the key into a corner. "You will not make the retreat that way," he whispered.

The inner corridor was dimly lighted. The trainers who were making the search had not turned on the lights, not wishing to excite the escaped animal.

It might be supposed that great negligence had been shown on the part of some one in allowing an escape of a show animal. But there had been much to do that morning, for all things must be made ready for the first performance that evening. And an animal show consists of many animals, and with devilish cunning every prisoner is alert to make an escape. When Fury's cage was cleaned, the cleaner did not notice that the hasp of the door had become bent and did not engage in its socket. Why the swinging gate had not been noticed is one of the show mysteries that is difficult to understand.

The escaped tiger was well named. Once he had mauled a keeper's leg into shreds, and he had the murder of another keeper to his score. Long ago he would have been sent to a zoo had he not been one of the most intelligent animal acrobats in the world. A tiger can be lurking, hideous death, and yet a tiger can be a favorite with the public and the delight of children.

Because the lights had not been turned on, the keepers had failed to notice that a door in a dim corner, which led from the corridor to a dressing-room, was open a few inches. Doubtless Duprey would also have failed to notice this, had

he not wanted something in the nature of a stick. Within he found a bit of bamboo, and was turning back toward the corridor when he noticed that another door, which led to a side passageway of the building, was also slightly open. He knew that a large animal can slip thru a narrow space. No thought of retreat was in his mind, but if he found the tiger he desired plenty of room for urging it back to the arena. He pushed wide open both doors which led from the dressing-room into the corridors.

Beyond the closet-like room, the passageway led to a low gate, thru which the sunlight of a clear March forenoon showed a court and an open exit into the bustle of the street. The tiger was not in the passageway. There was a chance, however, that having leaped over the gate it was in the court. Silently the little man pulled the bolt and swung the gate full back against the brick wall. He glanced toward the street and the hastening people. Then he turned his eyes toward the rear of the court. There sat the tiger. The liberty of the open street was before it, a passer could have looked into the court and could have seen the striped threat of terrible death.

For a second the little man hesitated. Then his face hardened and his muscles tightened into readiness. He lifted his bit of bamboo and limped between the tiger and the street.

"It is that you shall be passing in!" he said in a quiet voice. "My beauty, it is best that you shall do as Duprey says. One minute shall I give you—one minute it is only." His thin lips parted from his white teeth and he raised his stick of bamboo.

With sullen eyes, the big beast glared lazily at the little figure, which blocked its way to the street. But on the sudden the mood of the animal changed. Crouching low, the heavy tail sweeping the tiles of the court, the stiffening muscles made ready for a leap.

"I make advice to do as I say," gritted the little man. "Animals! I know them well—and you know that—you feel it—you wise devil of the yellow! You like it not. You see that one comes who knows your devil ways—and you like it hot. Bah! And I fear you not!"

As if launched from a released spring, the tiger leaped. Notwithstanding his lameness, the little man sprang lightly to one side. You would have thought that his leap was not unlike that of the tiger.

The great brute turned, slipped backward on his haunches, and again made its lightning charge. But once more the limping little man was far too swift for the striped thing of rage. Then, when the tiger was least expecting it, the little man made his own skilful and swift attack. He sprang agilely forward and brought down his wand with a stinging blow on the beast's nose. At the same instant, under his stout boot, he ground against the tiles an extended paw.

The tiger snarled its rage and pain, but its ears dropped and its tail fell to the tiles. It turned its fiery eyes away from the steady eyes which were within inches of its head and its slobbering, bared teeth. With a final snap of his stick across the twitching nose, Duprey exclaimed under his breath, "The good God be praised! I go back to the trenches!"

Ten minutes later M'sieu Beriot exclaimed in a low voice, but a voice which was as tense as a taut tight-rope, "Voila! The gate, Simmons! You see not what comes?"

Down the corridor beside the runway slowly backed the tiger, always threatening the little man behind it. Urging the brute onward came Duprey, his eyes scintillating like bits of white-hot steel, his face hardened with fearless purpose, his mouth parted and his white teeth showing.

"My big devil, it is that you pass into your cage," he said. "You shall be the obliging, you devil of the yellow—or it is Duprey who will fight you—yes, fight and kill you just as he has fought and killed the Boches. In with you, you thing of fear!"

With trained fingers the little man snapped the bolt of the great gate into its socket.

As if he had been changed into stone, M'sieu Beriot had stood on one side to let Duprey and the tiger pass. Then, as Duprey turned from the gate, he leaped forward, throwing his arms about the little man, and kissed him first on one cheek and then on the other.

He held Duprey away from him. "So thin!" he cried. "But it is my old comrade of the Brussels Zoo! And the papers, Duprey, the papers talk much of you. They know not where you go. The aviator most brave, who has the cross for killing four Boches! He is months in the hospital. And he goes not one knows where. A tiger into a cage—that is a little thing! Nothing for the Brussels trainer of the untamed tiger and lion. But departing like a thief! That was not good, my old friend. Why was it so?"

Duprey came close to Beriot, so that the others could not hear what he was saying. "The nerve!" he whispered. "When a man falls, and with many wounds; when he is shot, and after that the hospital, and many months of sickness! Well, a man says to himself, perhaps he is not the same. Perhaps the nerve was shot with the body. To bring disgrace on our France! Death would be far better. I did not know. I feared. But—now—I know. On the first ship I make the return."

When the Heart Didn't Dictate

"HELLO," he said. "Where did you come from?" The girl considered him coolly. "I might ask you that question."

He smiled amicably. "This is my 'Look-out.'"

"Oh, is it? I thought my father owned it."

"That makes no difference," he retorted, airily. "The ferae naturae wander where they will.'

"That's Latin, isn't it? I never did like Latin. It means something wild, doesn't it?"

He nodded solemnly. "Wild beasts. I'm one of 'em. Besides this has been my look-out ever since I was a kid—younger than you—" he added audaciously.

The girl drew herself up stiffly. She was not of an age where she considered tals a compliment.

"You are ancient, aren't you?" she retorted.

"I am old enough to know I ought not to be talking with you," he grinned.

"Why not?"

"Your people would be shocked."

The girl frowned.

"Then why do you?"

"Oh, I don't always do as I ought to do," he answered, lightly, "do you?"

"Generally," she answered gloomily, "I have to."

He surveyed her thoughtfully.

"You are to be married soon, aren't you?" he mused.

The girl flushed angrily until she saw there was no offense in the visionary eyes of this strange young man.

"How did you know that?"

"Bless you, child," he answered cheerily. "Don't I read the papers?",

The girl winced.

"Aren't any of us Americans good enough for you?" he asked curiously.

"I don't know," she confessed slowly. "I have never had the opportunity to find out."

"Good," he said; "you have the thirst for knowledge at least."

She was sitting on the rustic bench sheltered on three sides by the pines, on the fourth open to the sea. He seated himself calmly beside her. She had no sense of fear. There was something fine, open, clean, of the woods, of the sea, an absence of the cantamnia of man for man, about him.

"When are you married?" he asked.

"Tomorrow."

He was silent.

"How long have you known him?"

She laughed bitterly. It did not sound well, this laugh, from a young girl.

"Known him! I don't know him. I have met him—talked with him twice—a full half hour each time with my mother and brother."

His eyes were quickly turned to her. They caught and held hers and would not let them go.

"That is wicked," he said deliberately, and looked at the ground. It seemed so to her now. Wicked, that was the word.

"How old are you?" he asked as one trying to help her solve a difficult problem.

"Nineteen," she answered unhesitatingly.

"Don't you know you have a right to marry whom you will, then, in this State?" he asked.

"I—I—how should I know—what good if I did know? Who would marry me? Whom might I marry? Why, I have no right to think, even, for myself."

The man's eyes were troubled, more troubled than it seemed they ever ought to be.

"Listen," he said, "you must not marry that man. I know him. He is not fit for a decent woman. Bah!" he cried in disgust. "the pity of it!"

"That is easy for you to say, but what shall I do?"

"Do!" he cried, and his eyes blazed. "Do anything rather than have yourself sold to that bounder. Where is your spirit? Have you none? Aren't you worth saving after all? But of course you are," he added; "it is simply that you do not know. You have friends?"

"None but those of my family. I could not go to them."

"Well," he said, "the world is wide. You have money?"

"No more than the poorest shop girl," she answered, "that I can lay my hands on."

He got to his feet and strode up and down before her. Covertly she noticed his finely shaped head and clean-cut profile, the wide shoulders and the lithe body.

He stopped suddenly before her and again those deep-seeing eyes held hers.

"See," he said, and he held his hands apart. "I have a clean name and an honorable record. The women I have known have been good women and the men honest men. I have no love for any woman—nor do I think I shall. You are young, you are beautiful, but that does not matter. You are clean, pure, innocent. Now you have the making of a good and useful woman in you. Who knows what you will be when they are thru with you. Come with me and you shall have my name. You shall have my money—as much as you need. You shall go where you like—once we are—once the minister has pronounced us legally man and wife. Your parents have forfeited their right to you. You will grow in spirit as you have grown in body—beautiful. And your life shall ripen as it ought and not become the beautiful shell they would have it." He stopped, waited, his eyes still on her.

"When?" she demanded, her face as white as her hands.

"Now," he answered.

She rose slowly to her feet.

"But I don't dare," she murmured, lowering her head.

He tossed his hands in a gesture of resignation.

"Years of dependence, of letting others think for you. Can't you understand that you are a woman, that you must think and act for yourself?"

She hung her head.

"Is it me you fear?" he asked.

"No," she answered, almost in a whisper, "it is myself."

"Yourself?" he asked puzzled.

"It is not right to marry without love—I see it now."

"But to save you from this."

"At your expense?"

"I give you that for which I have no use.

"Ah, that is the trouble—if you loved me——"

"But don't you see," he cried, "that would not help."

"Why?"

"Because you do not love me."

"I—I might try," she faltered.

Wonderingly their eyes met.

"Christine!" They started to their feet.

A formidable person was approaching down the path.

"Mother," the girl breathed, miserably.

"Come here at once," commanded her mother.

The girl turned to the stranger. "I—I am sorry—I must leave you. Would you mind telling me your name?"

He smiled sadly. "Opportunity; my given name is 'Lost.'"

A DAY

This is the end of our day, my dear,
Nay, I know that the sun is glowing
High on the mountain above us here—
'Tis the smile of friend in going.
Warmer now on your cheek he lingers,
Warmer than in day's high noon,
Touching your eyes with his tender fingers,
Knowing the night shall come so soon.

This is the light of the hour of parting,
This is the holiest hour of all,
When the tears from the heart are starting
While the shades of the evening fall.
This is the hour when we closer cling
Than in our moment that was the maddest;
This is the fading of everything,
This is the happiest hour and saddest.

Nay, you smile and you look to meadows
Still a-swim in the shimmering sun;
See you not in the woods the shadows,
Telling us two that our day is done?
There are shades in the merriest day,
In the woods there are shadows ever;
There is an ending to every way,
There is an hour for us to sever.

Life is a parting and not a meeting.
A comradeship of a lonely mile,
Only an hour for a passing greeting.
Only a friendship for a while.
Surely the God that has brought us twain
Into the world to walk together
Somehow shall give us two again
Another day in the summer weather.

—DOUGLAS MALLOCH.

Deceived.

FRESNA SPINES put a little powder on her nose, rubbed it off, put a little more on, rubbed that off, put a little more on, rubbed it off, and put a little more on and considered that she was dressed for the evening.

Downstairs waiting, pacing nervously the length, breadth and thickness of the parlor, was handsome Jack Pantry, looking even more than ordinarily distinguished in his white sox and yellow shoes, according to the Detroit Free Press.

"Fresna," he said, nervously dusting a piano leg with his red silk handkerchief, "I've brought you a little something."

And he took a small jeweler's box from his back hip pocket, dropped it on the floor, and upset a $200 twoozer vase picking it up.

"Never mind, Jack, we were going to break it anyway," said Fresna, with charming diplomacy. Meanwhile, her eyes glued to the little box, her heart beat like a sewing machine.

"I—I don't know whether it will fit your finger," stammered Jack, as he placed his right foot firmly on his left.

"O, Jack!" breathed Fresna. "This is so——"

She stopped. For Jack opened the box and the darned thing was only a thimble!

"I'll thank you to pay for that vase!" she said icily, and swept from the room in a cloud of dust.

He Must Drink Fair.

"GERMANY'S mouth for conquests and annexations is as big as ever it was," said an actor at a luncheon in Los Angeles. "Germany is like the second heavy.

"A second heavy had a very, very large mouth. One evening the company gave a party, and on toward the small hours the refreshments began to run out. It was a long time between drinks. Finally, tho, a fresh pint of whisky was brought in.

"What'll you have?" the chairman asked the second heavy.

"'A mouthful of whisky,' said he.

"'No, you won't, son,' said the chairman. 'You'll have just the same as the rest of us.'"

On Black Hawk's Trail

By Harriet Wheeler

This is a historically true story of the thrilling struggle made by the great Indian chief, Black Hawk, to hold his tribal lands and drive back the white people from settling in the Mississippi Valley. It involves the immortal Abraham Lincoln, as well as other notable white men and Indians.

Colonel Gratiot Held the Flag.

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CHAPTER I.

SAU-KE-NUK.

A RIGHT angle, formed by the junction of the Rock River with the Mississippi; within the angle nestled Sau-ke-nuk, city of the Sauks. A wall of brush palisades surrounded it with gates opening toward the wilderness highway. The city was symmetrically fashioned. An open green occupied the center of the village, on either side of which ranged the five hundred bark-covered houses of the Sac people. These dwellings stood at uniform distances from the green and were equally spaced apart. They were commodious abodes, ranging from thirty to one hundred feet in length and from sixteen to forty feet in width. Many were occupied by families of three and four generations. The most pretentious edifice covered the point of the angle and was proudly acclaimed the home of the Sac chief, Black Hawk, the man of tragedy.

The eastern side of the village was sheltered by the bold promontory which sloped up from the banks of Rock River to a height of two hundred feet, commanding an unbroken view from this capital of Nature's art, and was known as Black Hawk's Watch Tower.

On the morning of the 24th of June, 1831, Chief Black Hawk stood within his watch tower, viewing the enchanting loveliness which the village and its environing setting presented.

The chieftain stood straight and spare, one hand holding the Sac peace pipe, the other carelessly resting on the bowlder beside him. The full parted lips denoted the sensitive, generous, trusting spirit. The Roman nose betrayed his generalship; the piercing eyes, changing from scorn to tenderness and pathetic sadness, revealed the varying moods of the inner man, and, finally, the full high forehead crowned a head whose poise betokened a character of dignity, high honor, mystic idealism and romantic impetuosity, while the furrowed lines of the chieftain's face confirmed his age of sixty and three years. He wore his fasting attire of a well-worn buffalo skin, confined at the waist by a strong cord. His close-shaven head was unadorned and he trod the rugged trail with bare feet.

Below him stately elms, rugged oaks and maples waved over the willow-fringed Rock River and shadowed the home of Sau-ke-nuk's dead, their Silent City.

A gleam of pride and sadness crossed Black Hawk's face, and his eyes roamed over the gardens of his people, which dotted the sides of the promontory with patches of potatoes, beans, squash and newly tasseled corn, and on the opposite side of the Watch Tower, where rolled the mighty Mississippi clasping in its arms the chieftain's berry farms and fishing and hunting grounds, Rock Island. Finally the chieftain settled himself on the bowlder beside him, lit his peace pipe and turned his gaze to the most sacred spot on earth to him, his ancestral home, Sau-ke-nuk, nestling in the angle beneath him.

The city was arrayed in holiday attire in honor of the annual celebration of the Crane dance, which occurred after the labor of garden planting was accomplished. The houses and streets were swept spotless; festoons of wild flowers, mosses and trailing vines added a sylvan touch to the scene, beneath which Sau-ke-nuk's youths and maidens tripped to the rhythmic music of the Crane dance. The maidens wore their soft, white tanned leather costumes, trimmed with ermine and exquisitely colored embroidery of porcupine quills. The youths, attired in Indian military costumes, crowned with a headdress of variegated eagle feathers, and faces resplendent with blue, yellow and white paint—the tokens of love and friendship—paraded the streets, playing their lover's flutes. For the Crane dance was the annual wife-choosing occasion.

Thruout the day, the June breeze wafted the love notes of many a young warrior playing his flute before the lodge of his common one.

During the morning, Chief White Eagle discoursed sweetest music before the lodge of old Yellow Thunder. One by one, the women of the household passed thru the curtained doorway, yet the monotonous tune continued, proving that his heart's choice had not surrendered. Eager, persistent the music floated on. Late in the afternoon the lover's patience was rewarded. A stirring within the wigwam, then a tiny hand lifted the rush mat, and Raven Hair tripped forward in her maidenly beauty of eighteen summers. The soft, dark eyes shot timid, mischievous glances at the young warrioor, who sprang forward exclaiming:

"See! The sun glows at your coming, Raven Hair."

"And the circle needs our presence to complete it, White Eagle."

They clasped hands and hastened across the freshly sanded street to the group of dancers lounging on the green. A chorus of war whoops welcomed the newly mated couple. The dancers sprang into the circle, and to the sound of the flutes and drums danced the stately measure of the Crane dance until the sun dipped low, behind the Watch Tower.

"Raven Hair," whispered White Eagle, "the purple vapors gather around the Watch Tower. Let us plight our vows before the Great Spirit, ere night falls."

They struck the trail which wound spirally around the promontory to the Watch Tower. As they reached the summit, they perceived Black Hawk, with hands clasped behind him, and head bowed on his breast, moving slowly down the trail, oblivious of their presence.

White Eagle drew Raven Hair into a side thicket where they waited until the chieftain passed over the bluff, and then they advanced to the bowlder flecked with the ashes from the Sauk's peace pipe.

"How beautiful, White Eagle," exclaimed Raven Hair, "and how unearthly! And look yonder, over the pasture flats, the Father of Waters burns blood red. No wonder our chieftain returned sadly to Sau-ke-nuk to guard it against yonder evil token. Oh, dearest! What threatens our village? Will the whites again steal our corn and plow over our graves and beat our women and children as they did last year? Must we always bear these cruelties?"

"Timid Bird!" replied White Eagle, drawing the girl to a seat beside him on the bowlder. "Yonder beaming sky foreshadows a bright tomorrow for our national dance, and surely you remember that our chieftain spends the day of the Crane dance in fasting and praying before the Great Spirit.

"Here, in view of yonder Silent City, where Sau-ke-nuk's dead have lain since its foundation by our Sac nation, one hundred years ago, Black Hawk communes with the Great Spirit, thanking Him for His mercies to us, and rehearsing our tribulations at the hands of the unprincipled Americans. Yonder, below us, where the spring bubbles into the Rock River, do you not see Black Hawk kneeling in thankful prayer? He often tells us, 'I never take a drink of spring water without thanking Him for His goodness.' Fear not, my fluttering Bird, the Great Spirit keeps watch over Sau-ke-nuk. He will heed the prayer of our leader, Black Hawk, and send us helpers. Remember that the Prophet has returned from Canada, bringing assurances of our British Father's help, and the Prophet himself pledges the aid of his Winnebago band and their Pottawatomi allies to resist the Americans if they again threaten Sau-ke-nuk."

Silently the lovers sat hand in hand, viewing the shifting panorama of the ebbing day. The blood-red sky scattered its prism tints from the zenith into the purple vapors of the coming night, above which hung a crescent moon. The evening breeze wafted the far-away strains of a violin.

"Listen, little one," whispered White Eagle. "'Tis the spirit violin of the wandering Frenchman."

"Is it of the long ago, White Eagle? I know not the story."

"Yes; our grandmothers remember the wandering Frenchman. One evening, as they danced upon the Watch Tower, the Frenchman appeared with his violin and discoursed sweetest music to our people as they rested beneath the trees. A careless backward step, and he plunged headlong over the cliff to death below. On the evening of our annual dances his spirit wanders forth, and again the violin discourses music of the olden times."

"A sad history hovers over the Watch Tower, White Eagle? Hark! Do you not hear the oriole's warning call, and yonder see the white spirit of Dark Eyes and her Sioux lover wandering thru the mists which hover over their caves!"

"I was hunting buffalo in the far West when they died. Tell me their story, Raven Hair."

"Surely, White Eagle, you have heard Grandmother Nokomis tell of the Sioux brave, lost in a prairie snowstorm. He wandered to Sau-ke-nuk and found shelter in the wigwam of Little Moose. And the young brave loved the chieftain's daughter, Dark Eyes. She promised to go with him to the far-away Sioux country as his wife when he returned in the summer.

"Next June, Dark Eyes worked with her mother in the newly tasseled corn, and there she heard her lover's signal, the whistle of an oriole.

"She slipped away to the wigwam to find her blanket, and returned to her lover, who waited for her in the thicket. But, alas, the Sauk brother of Dark Eyes saw their meeting and gave chase.

"The frightened lovers took refuge in yonder cave beneath this Watch Tower. A sudden storm arose, and a thunderbolt shattered the cave, crushing the lovers beneath it. Since then, whenever an oriole whistles on summer nights, the lovers come forth and wander along their favorite trails. Do you not see the white mists sweeping toward us? They warn us that love and sorrow walk hand in hand. We shall not escape it, White Eagle."

"Could there be greater sorrow for us than separation?"

"No, no, White Eagle! That is the sorrow that kills. But let us return to the village. I like not these tokens of danger and death on our betrothal day."

"Leave them, Raven Hair, with the mists and shadows of the night which will fade with the coming of the sun," replied White Eagle, leading her along the downward trail.

"Hear you not the music of the village, Raven Hair? Sau-ke-nuk's children have never cried with hunger, nor were our people ever in want before the selfish American appeared."

They turned from the Watch Tower trails and struck the village street leading to the home of Raven Hair. The Indian maid paused with her hand on the door mat.

"I shall sit with the village mothers tomorrow, White Eagle," she said, "and hear you tell of your journey to the Sioux country when you offered your life as a sacrifice for your sick brother. Dearest,

do you not know that that noble act cost me my heart?"

"Dear, trusting heart!" he murmured. "My life is dedicated to its safe-keeping. Good night, dear one, good night!"

He kissed her hair and cheeks, lifted the door mat for her to enter and was gone.

CHAPTER II.

IN THE COUNCIL HOUSE.

THE drum of the village crier, summoning the warriors to assemble on the green, wakened Raven Hair. Again she donned her holiday costume and accompanied her mother and grandmother to the village green. A crowd of matrons and maidens were already seated upon the rush mats spread about the green.

One by one the warriors responded to the summons of the drummer and sprang into the center of the circle, where they recounted their valorous deeds of adventure, hunting and war, and were loudly cheered by the admiring circle of women.

A hush fell over the assemblage when White Eagle swung into the circle riding a Sioux pony.

"Brothers," he began, standing erect upon the pony, "last winter, as we hunted buffalo on the prairies of the Iowas, my brother, Long Hair, killed an Iowa brave. Our leader, Black Hawk, charged us that we must fulfill our covenant with the Iowa band, and deliver Long Hair over to the family of the murdered man.

"On the day set for the journey Long Hair was sick and unable to travel, and I insisted on going to die in his place. Black Hawk, himself, directed our journey.

"On the seventh day out we sighted the Iowa village and Black Hawk ordered us to dismount. I shook hands with each member of our party, and entered the Iowa village alone, singing my death song, and sat down upon the village green.

"Soon the Iowas left their lodges and gathered around me with yells and war whoops. They ordered me to lie down, and circled around me, menacing me with their spears and war clubs. Then they offered me food, smoked the peace pipe and presented me with two ponies —one for my sick brother and this one for myself.

"They escorted me to the edge of the village, where they bade me farewell. An hour later I overtook my party encamped beside a blazing fire, and we solemnly pledged our friendship to the Iowa people on account of their noble, generous conduct. Brothers, may the Great Spirit punish the man who breaks our vow."

The people sprang to their feet and danced the pipe dance about White Eagle. Their joy was interrupted by the sound of military music floating up Rock River. A stampede was made in that direction. They were intercepted by the young chiefs, Keokuk and Wapello, approaching them from the bank.

"Brothers," began Keokuk, waving them to a standstill, "yonder fleet brings the white war chief, General Gaines. He brings a message to you from our Great Father. Let us open our council house and summon Black Hawk and his chiefs to meet this white general in council."

The crowd separated, a portion following Keokuk to the council house, and others hastened on in search of Black Hawk. The majority waited by the river until General Gaines and his soldiers mounted the banks, then they closed behind them and followed on to the council house, suspicious and sullen.

Keokuk and Wapello welcomed General Gaines at the door of the council chamber and escorted him to the honor seat with his soldiers arranged behind him, and the Indians crowded in to the very doorway. From the opposite street marched Black Hawk and his chiefs singing a war song. Black Hawk halted his men outside the door.

"No, Keokuk!" he exclaimed. "If the council is convened for the chiefs to meet together, what propriety is there in having this crowd of strangers among us? Black Hawk and his chiefs will wait outside."

"Keokuk," commanded General Gaines, "let the soldiers and Indians pass out that there may be room for the war chiefs to council together."

As the last Indian filed out of the council house Black Hawk entered, followed by his chiefs and wise men.

The chieftain wore his gala attire of ermine, white deerskin embroidered with porcupine quills; his head was close-shaven, with the exception of the scalp lock, in which waved a bunch of eagle feathers. A wampum chain encircled his neck, from which suspended the medal presented him by the British government in token of his services during the War of 1812.

Beside him walked his great medicine man, White Cloud, the Prophet. A large head of shaggy hair crowned this six-foot athlete of forty years. And the sinister expression of his bold, full eyes indicated his reckless, bitter hatred and lack of humane sentiments. He was royally costumed in a fringed white buckskin suit, wearing a towering headdress of the same material, decorated with eagle feathers. A string of jingling sleigh bells bound each ankle, and heavy gold rings tinkled from his nose and ears. Behind them marched the Sauk chiefs and braves, glittering with spears, war clubs, bows and arrows. They seated themselves in a circle within the council chamber.

General Gaines rose and said: "The President is very sorry to be put to the trouble and expense of sending so large a body of soldiers here to remove you from the land you have long since ceded to the United States. Your Great Father has already warned you repeatedly, thru your agent, to leave the country, and he is very sorry to find that you have disobeyed his orders. Your Great Father wishes you well, and asks nothing from you but what is reasonable and right. I hope you will consult your interest and leave the country you are occupying, and go to the other side of the Mississippi."

"We have never sold our country!" emphatically declared Black Hawk. "We never received any annuities from our American Father, and we are determined to hold on to our village."

General Gaines sprang to his feet and angrily shouted, "Who is Black Hawk? Who is Black Hawk?"

"I am a Sac," retorted the old chief. "My forefathers was a Sac, and all the nation calls me a Sac! Sau-ke-nuk has been the ancestral home of the Sac nation for the last one hundred years. I will never consent to leave it!"

"You have no right to Sau-ke-nuk," asserted General Gaines, hotly. "You sold this land to the United States Government by the treaty of 1804."

"I never signed or authorized the signing of that treaty," avowed Black Hawk. "This war chief knows that when Quashquams and our three braves went to St. Louis to negotiate for the release of one of our prisoners, the Americans made them drunk with fire water and compelled them to sign that treaty. They had no intention of selling our village."

"But their names stand fixed to that treaty," urged General Gaines.

"Yes, and to your country's shame," replied Black Hawk. "What! Sell our homes and fifty million acres of land for the small annuity of one thousand dollars a year? I leave it to the people of the United States to say whether our nation was properly represented in this treaty, or whether we received a fair compensation for what was ceded by those four individuals."

"It is useless to raise that question, Black Hawk, after the treaty has been duly signed."

"But," interrupted Black Hawk, "that treaty has never been ratified by Congress, neither has the annuity been paid. Furthermore, it is stipulated in the treaty that the Indians have the right to live and hunt upon these lands as long as they are the property of the Government."

"Black Hawk! You know that the whites have begun to cultivate the gardens about your village, and they are calling loudly to us for protection from you Indian intruders."

"How smooth must be the language of the whites," sneered Black Hawk, "when they can make wrong look right! The war chief knows that these lands have never been surveyed or opened to market, and these unprincipled squatters are liars and thieves. They have taken possession of our cornfields, burnt our lodges, and ill treated our women. Again, one of our men died from bruises and a broken shoulder inflicted by two white men because he opened a fence which crossed our land to lead his horse thru. I, myself, was set upon by four white men, and my gun was broken and used as a club to beat me. I shall carry the marks to my grave.

"Notwithstanding all these cruelties received at the hands of the whites, not one of them has been molested by our band. This is a lesson worthy for the white man to learn—to use forbearance when injured."

"Enough, Black Hawk," interposed General Gaines. "I am not here to discuss the past. I am here neither to beg nor hire you to leave the village. My business is to remove you peaceably if I can, forcibly if I must. I now give you two days in which to remove, and if you do not cross the Mississippi by that time, I will adopt measures to force you away."

With this warning General Gaines hastened out of the council house, followed by his suite. The soldiers fell in line and marched behind their leader to the landing. The Indians ranged along the bank listening to the cannon as the Government vessel steamed away down Rock River. Behind them stood Keokuk and Wapello engaged in earnest conversation. They turned to meet their chieftain, who approached them slowly with arms clasped behind him and head bowed on his breast. He tossed his head backward and, with a proud wave of his arms over the village and river, exclaimed:

"How can we allow ourselves to be conquered with such a beautiful country to fight for? We must rally our forces, Keokuk."

"Black Hawk, it is useless. The whites claim the land according to the treaty, and right or wrong, we must submit."

"No, Keokuk, my reason teaches me that land cannot be sold. The Great Spirit gave it to his children to live upon and cultivate as far as necessary for their subsistence, and so long as they occupy and cultivate it, they have the right to the soil. But, if they voluntarily leave it, then any other people have a right to settle on it. Nothing can be sold but such things as can be carried away."

"The war chief cares not for our opinions, Black Hawk. He holds us in his power and we must obey his orders."

"Keokuk, you are no brave, but cowardly enough to barter our rights for the opinion of the whites and to desert our village to them. Your smooth tongue has divided our band. But I have one consolation; the women are all on my side on account of their cornfields."

"For their sakes, Black Hawk, will you not listen to reason? The whites are a very powerful people; they have scores of great war chiefs who will come against us and scythe us down like mown grass with their big cannon. They will burn our villages and will drive us into the wilderness to starve. Do not rely on the false promises of Neapope and the Prophet. I entreat you to accept the land offered you on the west side of the Mississippi."

"I will move willingly," responded Black Hawk, "if the war chief and the agent will agree to furnish us corn in place of the corn left growing in our fields, and grant us permission to be buried with my old friends and warriors, sleeping in our Silent City."

Keokuk sought the war chief at once and arranged the treaty, which was signed by Black Hawk. The Indians glided up and down the well-swept street restless and defiant. The dawn revealed them sitting in groups about their wigwam doorways, silent and despairing.

As the sun rose over the Watch Tower, White Eagle joined the group gathered about the doorway of Yellow Thunder.

"Did Black Hawk play the coward like Keokuk?" questioned the old Indian. "Did he surrender Sau-ke-nuk to the war chief?"

"There was no other way," replied White Eagle, "to save our wives and children from death, and so Black Hawk surrendered Sau-ke-nuk for the homes beyond the Mississippi. There the war chief agrees to leave us in peace."

"But surely, White Eagle," exclaimed Raven Hair, "we may summer in Sauke-nuk."

"No, wee Bird, we fly tonight. The war chief commands it."

White Eagle glanced from the sunkissed Watch Tower to the despairing face below him. He sank to the ground beside Raven Hair and gathered her in his arms.

"Raven Hair!" he cried. "You break my heart with your sad face. We cross the great river as man and wife. No war chief can break that tie or separate us. I go now to summon our people."

In the light of the dying day, five hundred canoes glided from their moorings at ancient Sau-ke-nuk and sped swiftly down Rock River to the Mississippi. No sound or cry escaped them, for the Indian heart carries its heavy griefs manfully; but the purple shadows gathering about the Watch Tower failed to erase this sad picture from its historical canvas.

CHAPTER III.

A PIONEER CAPTAINCY.

THE morning sun shone genially over New Salem on the 17th of April, 1832. The fifteen log houses were scattered over the range of hills sloping up from the Sangamon River, and proudly asserted the supremacy of the village as the metropolis of that region.

For New Salem's population had already passed the one hundred mark and counted among its distinguished citizens a blacksmith, a tinner, a hatter, a schoolmaster and a preacher. It also possessed a grist mill, a sawmill, a store and a tavern. The store was a comfortable log structure standing on the brink of the hill, almost over the river. Its proprietor, Denton Offutt, was licensed to retail merchandise valued at the munificent sum of one thousand dollars. The sign-board, swinging over the broad, low door, itemized the merchandise in the following flourishing style: "Coffee—Ginger Ale—Molasses—Sugar—Pepper—Brandy—Beef—Tea—Rice—Rum —Wine— Pork— Spice— Potatoes—Tobacco."

This store was the rendezvous for the inhabitants of the country who lounged about swapping yarns or discussing the problems common to a pioneer community.

On this particular April morning, the male portion of New Salem was congregated in the clearing facing the store. Young men, whose stooping shoulders and deeply furrowed and sunburnt faces showed the tribute nature extorted for a right-of-way toward civilization; sturdy, upright men, contented if the day's toil yielded them a comfortable meal in the log cabin which their hands had erected, that talismanic image, dear to every wilderness pioneer—home. For this they toiled and suffered and died.

They stood in groups or lounged on the stumps adorning the clearing and gravely discussed the coming election of a member to the new Illinois Legislature, while they waited the appearance of their candidate who clerked in the village store.

"Who is your candidate, Offutt?" asked a stranger who posed as the representative of the rival candidate.

"Abe Lincoln, my clerk."

"Never heard of him," replied the stranger.

"Never heard of Abe!" ejaculated Denton Offutt. "What wilderness do you hail from, stranger? There isn't a man, woman or child for fifty miles around, that doesn't know Honest Abe. The other night he discovered, on balancing up for the day, that a woman had overpaid six and a quarter cents. Away Abe posts into the country, three miles, to straighten the account before he eats his supper. Abe is welcomed at every fireside, and is that handy that he can rock the baby's cradle or pare Aunt Polly's potatoes, and so droll that he will make the rafters shake with his funny stories. And Abe is clever—knows grammar better than the schoolmaster, Menton Graham; and he knows law; Abe read Blackstone. I tell you what it is, stranger, look the country over and you will not find a man in the United States that knows more than Abe Lincoln. Some day he will be President. There he comes, now. Judge for yourself, sir."

The store door swung open, and thru it appeared a lank, gawky man, measuring six feet four inches in height. He wore homespun jean breeches, tucked into cowhide boots; a hickory shirt, with sleeves rolled to the elbows and neck open to the breeze; a soft felt hat, sunburnt until it was a combination of colors, adorned his head. He carried his twenty-three years with the air of a man of 40. He had entered this pioneer community with nothing but his toil-worn hands to commend him to the good offices of its inhabitants; yet so well had he performed his duties as a rail splitter, farmer and storekeeper, that he was their chosen candidate for the State honors. The air rang with riotous cheers when he appeared on the log porch carrying a soap box.

"That's right, Abe! Give us a speech!" they called. "We are waiting for a speech."

The young man mounted the soap box and began: "Gentlemen and fellow citizens: I presume you know who I am. I am humble Abraham Lincoln. My politics are short and sweet like the old woman's dance. I am in favor of the internal improvement system and a high protective tariff. My fellow citizens, I may not live to see it, but, given a protective tariff, we will have the greatest country on earth."

"That's a lie!" growled the stranger to the pioneer at his elbow.

"Tut, tut, sir!" cautioned the pioneer. "You will have to muzzle your tongue. You are on Abe's ground. I'd have you know."

"This is a free country, sir! I repeat, it is a lie! And take that for your impudence!" The stranger dealt a vicious blow across the pioneer's face.

They fell to a hand-to-hand combat, punctuated with the stranger's frequent oaths.

"Stop that wooling and pulling," commanded the speaker. "No swearing on these premises, stranger, do you hear?"

"This is a free country, lad!" retorted the stranger. "I'll wipe the earth with you if ye sass me regarding my natural speech."

"Come on!" challenged the speaker, springing from the soap box. "As you are set on getting a whipping, I may as well give it to you as any other man."

The crowd fell back as Abe strode into the circle, seized the stranger's arms and hurled him upon the ground; pinioned him with his knees while he

Voodooism and Black Magic.

ZINDRA is a priestess of Voodooism and Joachim is the Obi king on the island of San Domingo. To their influence is largely laid the unrest of the natives, and the whites live in fear of an uprising. You cannot afford to miss the strong and mysterious story which deals with this phase of life in the West Indies. It is entitled "The Island of Black Magic" and will begin as a serial in the Ledger of February 16. The author is William H. Manning, and we can assure his many admirers that there is a treat in store for them.

gathered hands full of smartweed and rubbed it into the stranger's eyes.

"Help! Hands off!" cried the stranger. "Let me up, I say, and call it square."

The youth loosened his hold and assisted the man to his feet. He shook hands with him, cordially saying:

"It's square, stranger! Remember the orders: No swearing on these premises."

The orator mounted the soap box and the straggling group of pioneers resumed their stump seats.

"I guess, stranger," condoled Denton Offutt, "ye have not heard how Abe laid out the Clary Grove boys' best man, Jack Armstrong. Abe is the best wrestler and most powerful twister in New Salem. He don't approve of woolings and pullings, but he fights for the majesty of the law. Well, the Clary outfit shook hands with Abe and allowed that he was the best fellow that ever broke into camp."

"Fellow citizens," resumed the orator, "I have spoken as I have thought. I may be wrong in regard to any And all of these matters; but I hold it a sound maxim that it is better only sometimes to be right than at all times to be wrong. My case is thrown exclusively upon the independent voters of the country. If elected, I shall be thankful. If not, it will be all the same."

"Three cheers for Honest Abe!" shouted Denton Offutt. "We'll send him to the Legislature, and don't you forget it!"

The vociferous audience gathered around their standard bearer; some slapped him familiarly on the back, while others shook the toil-worn hands outstretched to them.

But their enthusiasm was cut short by the clatter of horses' hoofs galloping down the street. The crowd swayed around to the road and beheld a white horse speeding toward them, ridden by a man wearing a leather military costume, a sword at his side and a brace of pistols in his belt. He waved a formidable-sized paper in his hands.

"Hark ye, citizens of New Salem!" he cried, as the foaming steed dashed into the circle. "I bring you word from our Governor, John C. Reynolds. Listen to his warning!"

The man swung sideways upon the saddle, and while the horse feasted upon the grass bordering the roadside, read in a full, sonorous voice the Governor's message:

" 'To the Militia of the Southwest Section of the State—Fellow Citizens: Your country requires your services. The Indians have assumed a hostile attitude and have invaded the State in violation of the treaty of last summer. The British band of Sacs and other hostile Indians, headed by Black Hawk, are in possession of the Rock River country, to the great terror of the frontier inhabitants. I consider the settlers on the frontier to be in imminent danger. In possession of the above facts and information, I have not hesitated as to the course I should pursue. No citizen ought to remain inactive when his country is invaded, and the helpless part of the community in danger. I have called out a strong detachment of the militia to rendezvous at Beardstown on the 22d inst. Provisions for the men and food for the horses will be furnished in abundance. I hope my countrymen will realize my expectations and offer their services as heretofore, with promptitude and cheerfulness, in defense of their country.' "

"Boys, will you go?" questioned the messenger.

"That we will!" declared Denton Offutt. "Every able man of us!"

"That's the talk, Offutt! You can't let the grass grow under your feet if you reach Beardstown by the 22d."

"Come in and have a bite," urged Offutt, "and drink something warming."

"Thanks, I haven't time. I must circulate the news among the settlements. Rally your forces, boys, and elect your Captain. Good-by," and with an elaborate flourish the messenger dashed onward along the highway.

"Think you will go, Abe?" queried Bill Greene, his fellow clerk.

"Certainly!" responded Abe. "Let's all go, boys. I'm going in now to collect my traps."

"And we must all go and do likewise," shouted Denton Offutt. "Boys, pick your man for Captain and hunt up your regimentals. The election comes off at Richmond on the 21st."

The men separated into groups, earnestly discussing the campaign. Two hours later Bill Greene hastened into the store and ejaculated:

"I say, Abe, our boys are going to run you for Captain against Kirkpatrick, the sawmill proprietor. What do you say?"

"I will run against him for Captain, Bill, and that will make him pay me the two dollars he owes me on the cant-hook."

"How was that, Abe?"

"I never told you the trick he played me. When I came into this region, I hired out to Kirkpatrick to move logs and he agreed to furnish me a cant-hook costing two dollars. I proposed to move the logs with a handspike, provided he paid me the two dollars. Kirkpatrick accepted my offer, but refused to pay the bill when pay day arrived. He argued that seven dollars a month and board was enough for him to pay Bill, I would rather beat Kirkpatrick out of the captaincy than be elected President."

"Keep a stiff upper lip, Abe! The boys will pull you thru," sung out Bill Greene, as he swung out of the door and on down the village street, scattering the news as he went.

On the afternoon of the 21st, the newly recruited volunteers assembled in an open field at Richmond and proceeded to the election of their captain. The Governor's influential messenger, mounted on his white steed, galloped up and down the lines striving to gain the attention of the restless, untrained soldiers. Finally, he wheeled to the center of the field, where Kirkpatrick and Lincoln stood equally distanced apart, and shouted:

"Hark ye! Fellow citizens of the Commonwealth of Illinois, you are summoned to elect your Captain from yonder candidates. Attention now, and march!"

The men hurried pellmell toward the center and circled around their chosen leader. The Governor's representative carefully counted each circle, and wheeling to the center, shouted:

"Fellow countrymen! By popular vote and accurate count of the majority of four to one, you have elected Captain, Abraham Lincoln."

"Hooray! Hooray for Honest Abe!" clamored the men, well-nigh carrying their stalwart candidate off his feet by their reckless enthusiasm.

"How does the cant-hook account stand today?" laughed Bill.

"Settled out of court, Bill," facetiously rejoined Abe. "Interest and principal.

"But now, boys, we must get down to business. Beardstown is forty miles away, and we must make it before sundown tomorrow. Collect your horses and baggage for an early start in the morning."

At sunrise, on the following morning, Captain Abraham Lincoln, clad in his suit of jeans, with rifle thrown over his shoulder, and mounted on a lanky horse, led his company of wild, rough-looking pioneers. The majority wore buckskin breeches and coonskin caps, each one carrying a coarse-textured blanket and flintlock rifle. Their unshaven beards, unkempt hair and sunburnt faces added to their fierce aspect as they galloped away on horses of all ages, sizes and conditions.

The air stung with the chill of the April morning, but the sturdy pioneers, inured to every condition of hardship, swung onward over the rough, uneven trail, leading thru impenetrable forests, flooded lowlands and often lost on the broad prairies. Indeed, the majority of the company regarded the expedition as a holiday frolic, and gazed the front rank of twenty men which Captain Lincoln arranged as a protection against any unexpected attack.

"Say, Abe," called a pioneer from the rear, "if you sight Black Hawk, give us a chance and we will make mincemeat of the old idiot."

"What is he thinking of to defy the United States Government?" interrupted another. "Didn't General Gaines compel him to sign a treaty last June in which Black Hawk stipulated never to land again on the east side of the Mississippi without consent of the President of the United States and the Governor of Illinois?"

"What is your opinion of the matter, Captain?" inquired Denton Offutt. "Give us the law on it, Abe."

"Technically right; morally wrong," replied Lincoln. "While our Government has the treaty duly signed, Black Hawk knows it has not been fulfilled. Furthermore, the old chief cannot forget the indignities heaped upon his band by the lawless squatters who were thieves, cutthroats and outlaws from the civilized communities of our land. They fringed their cabins around the Indians' reservations and boldly appropriated the Indians' gardens, burned their lodges, and cruelly beat women and children. A darky may stand such treatment without turning tail, but an Indian—never! He'll fight until he drops, when his blood is up. Mark my word, boys! We shall have need of all our valor before we have finished this Indian campaign."

"Abe," jeered a youth, "better turn missionary to the Indians! Are you planning to play us into their hands?"

"Never fear, Jake! Our duty is clear. We are obeying the Governor's commands to check an invasion and protect our homes. It's queer, but both sides are fighting for the protection of women and children. Come right to the point, the whole question lies in a nutshell. It reminds me of two children I saw quarreling over three walnuts. Each child wanted two walnuts and that is the way it is with us."

The apt illustration restored the company's good humor, and they laughed and sang as the horses loped on over the unbroken fields. An hour later they approached an inclosed field, barred by a rustic gate. Captain Lincoln racked his brain for the proper word of command; but his wits surmounted the difficulty.

"Boys," he shouted, "I forget the command which will endwise this company thru this gate. We'll just disband and fall in again on the other side of the gate."

The men followed the example of their original Captain, leading their horses thru the gate, across the ravine, and on up a long, sloping hill, where they remounted, and the view before them repaid them for the journey.

"Cheer up, boys!" encouraged Captain Lincoln. "Yonder, across the prairie, floats the Stars and Stripes above the volunteer militia of Illinois. Brace up, boys! Off with your hats to the flag, and on to Beardstown."

Riotous cheers followed the order. Guns clashed with powderhorns as the spurred horses dashed down the long hill and sped across the lowland to Beardstown.

The Governor's influential messenger pressed forward to meet them.

"Welcome to Beardstown, gentlemen!" he exclaimed. "This way, please, Captain Lincoln! Governor Reynolds, allow me to present Sangamon County's company of volunteers, and their Captain, Abraham Lincoln."

"See! The Sun Glows at Your Coming, Raven Hair!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE RENDEZVOUS AT BEARDSTOWN.

"WELCOME to Beardstown, Captain Lincoln!" exclaimed Governor Reynolds, extending his hand. "The appearance of your company indicates a hard journey."

"Rather, sir!" exclaimed Lincoln. "We have plowed our trail since daybreak."

"We sighted you across the prairie. It struck us that some of your horses might fall by the wayside."

"That spavined nag for instance," said Lincoln. "I told Jake that horse reminded me of a beast a certain Missouri politician engaged to carry him to a convention where he expected to be elected delegate. Now, the livery proprietor was pledged to the opposing candidate and purposely palmed off his most dilapidated animal. When the disappointed politician returned the beast, he asked the owner if he was training that horse to draw a hearse.

" 'Guess I ain't,' replied the man.

" 'Well,' continued the Missourian, 'if you were, he would never do for it, for he would not get to the cemetery in time for the resurrection.' "

Governor Reynolds and his aids laughed heartily.

"Captain Lincoln," said the Governor, "your company deserves a square meal, after accomplishing the journey under such unfavorable circumstances. This way, Horn."

The young officer stepped forward and saluted the Governor.

"Captain Horn," said the Governor, "allow me to introduce Captain Lincoln and his company of Sangamon County Volunteers. Give them the best supper the cupboard affords. They have earned it."

"Aye, aye, sir!" replied the officer, and linking his arm with Captain Lincoln's, he led the company to mess quarters.

The men ranged themselves around a blazing campfire, where a relay of volunteers served them pork, beans, brown bread and hot coffee. Other soldiers gathered about the new arrivals, eagerly questioning them regarding the journey.

"I judge there are already a thousand men on the ground," remarked Captain Lincoln.

"A little over that figure," returned the young officer, "and the volunteers are arriving daily. The Governor is confident that he will march to General Atkinson's aid with about two thousand militia."

"Is your company among the recent arrivals?"

"No, we were the first upon the ground. I live five miles from here. My father is the circuit preacher, Reverend Horn of Morgan County."

"Indeed!" ejaculated Lincoln. "Your father was at Sangamon when I was building my flatboat preparatory to a trip to New Orleans. I recall that he was the only man to speak an encouraging word for our enterprise. But what is the news from the Indians? Is Black Hawk still on the east side of the Mississippi?"

"He is, and very defiant," declared Horn. "An express arrived from Rock River today saying that Black Hawk with his band of five hundred warriors, mounted and well armed, were advancing up Rock River to hold a council with their Winnebago and Potawatomi allies at Prophet's Town. The women and children were in canoes. General Atkinson sent an express to the chief ordering him to return to the west bank of the Mississippi, and threatened to drive them back if they did not obey. The Indians replied to the express: 'Tell White Beaver [General Atkinson] if he wishes to fight us to come on. We are

determined never to be driven, and equally so not to make the first attack.' The settlers are panic-stricken; many are returning to the East; others are erecting temporary forts to which the settlements are fleeing. The situation looks serious. What is your opinion of the outcome, Captain Lincoln?"

"Affairs never needed to have reached this point," responded Lincoln. "Black Hawk has a right to insist on the fulfillment of our treaty obligations. He cannot forget the violation of his sacred dead, the destruction of his ancient home and the cruelty to women and children. The fact is that the whites are so bitter that they cannot regard an Indian as human, as possessing any rights more than so many stones. I see a bloody fight before us, Horn, and we shall have enough to answer for if we survive this war. We cannot escape history. What is up on the other side of the campfire?"

"Foolery of some sort," replied Captain Horn, "let us investigate."

The two captains edged their way between the groups of soldiers to the opposite side of the camp.

"What's doing, Jake?" asked Captain Lincoln.

"Nothing much! Bill Greene's been licked in a wrestling match with a Morgan County man. You enter the ring, Abe, and show the boys how to take a trick."

"Not tonight. The bugle sounds for bedtime. Your racket, boys, reminds me of a Western man who lost his way during a severe thunderstorm. All of a sudden a terrific crash of thunder brought the man to his knees and he cried: 'Oh, Lord, if it's all the same to you, give us a little more light and a little less noise.'"

The men took the hint and quietly wended their way to their respective camps. The two captains lingered beside the campfire, watching their company's arrangement of their night bivouac. Governor Reynolds approached, accompanied by the express messenger.

"Captain Horn," said Governor Reynolds, "you met Mr. Cubbage this morning and heard the message he brought us from General Atkinson at Rock Island. Mr. Cubbage is secretary to Colonel Gratiot, who is on his way to the Prophet's village with a message from General Atkinson. Mr. Cubbage is anxious to join Colonel Gratiot at Dixon's Ferry, where he is due tomorrow morning. He needs a guide to show him the shortest route to the ferry. Are you willing to accompany Mr. Cubbage on this hazardous journey?"

"Certainly," returned Captain Horn, "and the quicker we are under way the better."

"I will order our two strongest horses sent to you at once. We shall watch for your return with anxious interest. My regards to Colonel Gratiot, Mr. Cubbage, and may the best of luck attend your mission."

The young men shook hands with the Governor and began preparations for the journey. Fifteen minutes later they swung into their saddles. Captain Lincoln shook the hand of each, saying: "Better keep to the open fields with such mammoth steeds. They will cut a poor figure in close quarters."

"I assure you," replied Captain Horn, "they are trained for any emergency."

A half-full moon rose over the hills as the horses crossed the prairie.

"The night is with us," said Mr. Cubbage.

"Yes," responded Captain Horn, "our trail is safe until we strike Rock River. But why does General Atkinson call Colonel Gratiot from Gratiot's Grove to carry a message to Prophet's Town?"

"Colonel Gratiot is the only man who can safely approach the Indians under a flag of truce. In all his dealings with them Gratiot has had the wisdom to meet the Indians on the square. He has never failed to keep a pledge; he has been strictly honest in his fur-trading ventures, and he has never allowed any deception on their part. As Indian agent to the Winnebagoes, Gratiot has won their love and confidence. It was the Winnebagoes who have hastened to Gratiot's Grove and begged the Colonel to send their wives and children to Galena. They warned him that Black Hawk, and most of the Rock River Valley Indians, were preparing for war. If any man can persuade the Winnebagoes, Colonel Gratiot is that man."

"When did Colonel Gratiot receive General Atkinson's letter?"

"April 16th, and we prepared at once for departure. The Colonel persuaded four Winnebago chiefs to accompany us. We made our way across country to Rock River, where we landed our canoes and paddled with all speed to the Turtle Village of the Winnebagoes. These Indians told us that they had received three wampum belts from the Sacs, and had requested the friendly Winnebagoes living at Turtle Village to come to Prophet's Town and remain until the difficulties were settled. Twenty-four of the village Indians promised to accompany us to Prophet's Town when they had conducted their religious ceremonies. Colonel Gratiot decided to wait for them and dispatched me to Fort Armstrong and agreed to meet me at Dixon's Ferry."

"Did you have any difficulty in reaching the fort?"

"No, I kept well to the prairies, knowing that the Indians possessed Rock River."

The horses plunged steadily onward thru swamps and woodlands, over hill and prairies. The young men relieved the monotony of the journey by frequently walking beside the horses. A dense fog enveloped them as day dawned.

"A couple hours of tramping and we are at Dixon," remarked Captain Horn, confidently.

"How comes it that you know the ground so intimately?"

"I have been over the trail several times with my father on his circuit-riding expeditions."

"A fortunate knowledge that may save us from losing the path in this beastly fog."

"No danger on that score, I assure you," replied Captain Horn. "The fog is providential protection from the Indians. Let us move quietly and we shall escape them."

An hour passed and the fog gradually lifted. Another hour and the radiant morning revealed Rock River, filling its banks, and speeding to meet the Father of Waters.

"Our journey is safely accomplished, Mr. Cubbage," said Captain Horn. "Across the river stand the Indians' tents. Let us signal John Dixon to ferry us over."

The travelers raised their hands to their mouths and hallooed with all their might. The call was answered by the Indians assembling on the opposite bank. They recognized Mr. Cubbage and responded with a friendly war whoop and summoned the ferryman. Two of the Indians accompanied Mr. Dixon across the river.

After considerable coaxing the horses were led into the ferry, which was a large, primitively constructed scow, and all hands helped to propel it across the river.

"Bosho! bosho!" called Mr. Cubbage to the Indians on the [illegible]ok. "And there comes Colonel Gratiot on the top of the morning to you, Colonel!"

"Thanks, Cubbage!" replied Colonel Gratiot, grasping the rope which Dixon threw to the shore. "A fortunate arrival, sir."

"Which I owe to my clever scout. Allow me to present Captain Horn, of the Morgan County Volunteers."

The Colonel grasped Horn's hand. "Welcome, Captain Horn," said he. "I hope that we shall have your company to aid in our expedition to Prophet's Town."

"If I can render any assistance I will gladly return home that way. I am due at Beardstown on the 22d."

"You will reach home ere that date if the Indians receive us peacefully."

Colonel Gratiot conducted the travelers to his tent, where they breakfasted together.

"Make yourselves at home, boys," said the Colonel, when the meal was finished. "I shall devote the rest of the morning to preparing for our journey."

At 1 o'clock the party gathered at the landing ready for their departure. Colonel Gratiot and the four Winnebago chiefs occupied the first and largest canoe; the white flag of truce fluttered from the prow. Captain Horn, Mr. Cubbage and two Winnebago chiefs were next and the remaining Indians followed in six canoes.

The fleet, aided by the spring current, rapidly made its way down Rock River.

CHAPTER V.
A NIGHT OF PERIL.

LATE in the afternoon the voyagers sighted the wigwams composing Prophet's Town.

The four Winnebago chiefs, riding with Colonel Gratiot, sounded a friendly call. A moment later the wigwam doors lifted and White Cloud, the Prophet, hastened to the bank, followed by his braves, the women and children closing in behind them.

Colonel Gratiot stood in the canoe and held the flag high over his head. White Cloud recognized it with a friendly salute.

"Welcome!" he said, assisting Colonel Gratiot from the canoe. "What brings our agent-father and his Winnebago chiefs to Prophet's Town?"

"I come with a message of peace from our war chief, White Beaver. He sends a letter to your chief, Black Hawk."

"We are looking for Black Hawk at any moment," responded White Cloud. "In the meantime you are our guests, and I will escort you to the wigwam reserved for our friends."

He led the way along the narrow trail to the largest wigwam crowning the knoll and lifted the curtain doorway.

Colonel Gratiot paused to fasten the white flag on the door and entered, followed by his companions and White Cloud and his chiefs.

The villagers scattered to their wigwams with sullen faces, shaking their heads menacingly. White Cloud lighted his peace pipe and handed it to Colonel Gratiot.

"Thank you!" said Colonel Gratiot. "I hope that I may always smoke the peace pipe with my good friend, the Prophet."

When the pipe had circled the company White Cloud returned it to his belt. Rising, he waved a farewell, saying:

"Tarry in our village as my friend, and may the Hawk receive you likewise."

"So far, so good!" commented Captain Horn, as the curtained doorway fell into place.

"Yes," returned Colonel Gratiot, "and we must present a bold front. Not for a second dare we show the slightest fear."

"Suppose we exhibit our courage by taking a stroll before the people," suggested Mr. Cubbage.

"I second the motion," agreed Captain Horn.

Colonel Gratiot paused to direct his Winnebago companions regarding the arrangement for supper and their night's camp, and hastened after his colleagues.

"Let us take this trail leading to the top of the bluff," said he. "It commands a fine view of the river and valleys as far as the eye can reach."

Mr. Cubbage and Captain Horn followed single file as Colonel Gratiot made his way to the summit. The western sun was already scattering its crimson light along the waterways.

"What a glorious view and how beautiful!" exclaimed Mr. Cubbage. "Never in my travels in Europe or in the United States have I seen a view to compare with this. The forest-crowned bluffs, the clear, winding musical river; the undulating fields and flower-dotted prairies, and over all the glow of the prism-tinted sunset. Gentlemen, not often in this life are we treated to so varied a landscape framed in so exquisite a coloring."

"Even so, Cubbage!" assented Colonel Gratiot. "Hark! I hear a drum. Yes, below us, across the river, do you not see that band of warriors?"

"God help us!" ejaculated Captain Horn. "It is Black Hawk and his five hundred warriors. What splendid horses! What a solid column! What perfect unity! Watch them wheeling, flanking and forming in solid columns again; and those shots, fired to the south, threaten vengeance to Fort Armstrong and argue no good to us."

"Their appearance is enough to shake the stoutest heart," declared Mr. Cubbage. "Look at the white clay covering their bodies smeared with black. Notice the wreaths of straw about their waists and ankles. These indicate a thirst for blood. Gratiot, whither shall we flee to escape so terrible a foe?"

"Our safety lies in an immediate return to our wigwam," responded Colonel Gratiot. "Protected by a flag of truce and our Winnebago allies, we shall survive, I think. Let us take this short cut thru the forest. It will shield us from the enemy."

Colonel Gratiot led the way along the forest trail and, in a few minutes, they emerged in the village and entered their wigwam. The odor of soup, boiling in the kettles, allayed their fears, and they eagerly accepted the dishes which the Winnebagoes offered them.

The meal was half over when the sound of Indian music greeted them. The Winnebagoes hastened out. In another moment the cry of "Black Hawk! Black Hawk!" rose from every corner of the village, and the flying feet hastened to the ford where the warriors crossed the river. In a few moments the entire party advanced toward the wigwam which sheltered their guests. With the sound of drums, mingled with war cries, they formed a circle about the wigwam. Neapope, Black Hawk's commander-in-chief, tore down the flag of truce, and hung the British colors in its place. They sounded the war whoop, dashed into the wigwam and formed a circle about their guests, menacing them with their spears and war clubs. In the midst of the uproar the Prophet dashed into the wigwam and, seeing his old friend in danger, cried: "Good man! Good man! My friend! He Frenchman. I take him to my wigwam. I feed him. He be good friend of my Indians."

Black Hawk immediately dropped his spear and shook hands with his guests.

Colonel Gratiot braced himself for the occasion and said:

"I have ever kept faith with the Indian. You all know me as the Indian's friend. I come on a mission of peace, bearing a letter from the war chief, White Beaver. I wish it were in my power to settle your misunderstanding without bloodshed."

Black Hawk took the letter from the Colonel's hand, saying gravely:

"Black Hawk will counsel with his wise men and bring you word in the morning."

"Think your mission will succeed, Colonel?" queried Mr. Cubbage.

"Hardly. But I hope that we shall make our exit with our heads upon our shoulders."

In the morning Black Hawk, accompanied by Neapope, the Prophet and forty warriors, returned to the wigwam, and Black Hawk gave back the letter, saying:

"Take the letter back to the White Beaver. Tell him our hearts are bad; that we refuse to return to the other side of the Mississippi; and, if he brings troops against us, we shall fight them. Farewell!"

Black Hawk shook hands with the party and departed.

"We are dismissed, Colonel," said Captain Horn. "Shall we make our exit at once?"

"At the sacrifice of our lives," returned the Colonel. "I don't like the attitude of the young braves. We must wait for word from our allies. Let us show ourselves in the village."

They strolled along, nodding to the women and children sitting about their doorways. The warriors were gathered on the village green.

"The Prophet approaches our lodge," whispered the Colonel. "I will join him and return later."

Colonel Gratiot intercepted the Prophet at the doorway of his lodge.

"No," said the Prophet, "I must not enter. Gratiot, you have always been my friend and the friend of my people, and you and your party must not be harmed, but my young men will never consent to give you up, and so you must leave without their knowledge. Canoes are on the shore. Go to them when I signal, and leave instantly and go with all speed, like wildfire, for the young men will give you chase. All will depend on the strength of your good right arm. Adieu!"

Colonel Gratiot repeated the Prophet's message.

"The signal will come about sundown, and we must be ready for any emergency."

They ate an early supper and collected their clothing. In the gathering twilight an oriole whistle sounded soft and plaintive.

"Our call at last!" said Colonel Gratiot. "Follow me."

He lifted a loosened bark from the rear of the wigwam, crawled noiselessly thru to the underbrush, closely followed by his companions. Swiftly they fled along the narrow trail to their canoe, launched it and sprang onward with the rapid current, aided by their dexterous paddles. But the sound of the dipping paddles reached the ears of the enemy; war cries rent the air; a score of young warriors launched their canoes and gave chase.

Never in the history of Rock River was such an exciting contest on its placid waters. The rocks and high bluffs walling the river echoed the shouts and yells of the maddened warriors, and sent them flying far over lowland and prairie.

The full moon shone clear and cold upon this race of life with death. Absolute silence followed the tumult, as the contestants strained every nerve for victory. The morning sun revealed the Americans, nerved with heroic strength, struggling against certain death.

An hour, and the walls of Fort Armstrong, towering on Rock Island, reassured the weary party; another moment and the cannon's boom announced that they were sighted and that help was near. The baffled savages turned and rent the air with their defiant yells as they fled up the stream.

The paddles fell from the exhausted hands of the fugitives, but the rushing current swept the canoe on to the hands outstretched to receive it. General Atkinson leaped into the canoe and assisted Colonel Gratiot to his feet.

"Gratiot!" he exclaimed, holding his friend in his arms. "My God! You have had a night of struggle."

"Indeed, sir, yes! But, thanks to a kind Providence and my brave companions, the race, at last, was to the swift and victory to the strong."

If you wish to learn how Abraham Lincoln won the championship of the Illinois Militia, of how the Army later marched on Prophet's Town, to find that Black Hawk had departed, and of the part bad whisky played in pioneer days, you will find it all most interestingly told in the next installment.

* * *

On the Job.

Missionary—"Why do you look at me so intently?"

Cannibal—"I am the food inspector."

TO MY VALENTINE

Take my heart, dear little lady;
Round it let thy love entwine.
Thou art sweeter than these posies.
Let me be thy valentine.

THE PATH OF PASSION

By Emma Howard Wight

The Story Up to Now.

MADAME CHARLOTTE RENAULT, wife of cruel, mysterious Eugene Renault of Paris, lies dying in a villa which her husband has leased in Italy. They have a pretty daughter of 17, who has been left behind at a school near Paris. Eugene Renault is of middle age, handsome, fond of luxury and hard of heart. His business is to find out the compromising secrets of individuals and rich families and compel them to pay him large sums of money under threat of exposure. He has an unscrupulous partner named Perrot, who lives in London and Paris alternately. His dying wife implores him to promise her that he will not use Eugenie, their daughter, for blackmailing purposes. He finally promises, but his promise is really worth nothing. Eugenie has been sent for and she arrives just as her mother expires. She is awed and touched, but she is her father's own child, and while very beautiful, she is innately hard and cruel. Renault is not displeased, for at the bottom of his heart he knows that sometime he may want to use her for criminal ends. An old priest, Father Antonio, who lives near by, attends Madame Renault and officiates at the burial. He has an adopted son of 24, about the birth of whom there is a mystery. Eugenie has a schoolmate, Aimee de St. Maur, of whom she is fond. Aimee has a brother of whom Eugenie is still fonder. He is the Vicomte St. Maur, son of the Duke and Duchess de St. Maur. Eugenie tells her father that she desires to return to Paris soon, so she can spend the Easter holidays with Aimee at the Chateau de St. Maur. Renault is gratified to hear this, since he suspected that there is a skeleton in the closet of the St. Maurs, relating to the early life of the Duchess, and he reflects that possibly Eugenie may be able to help him discover it. However, he says nothing relative to this to her. The second day after her mother's burial, Eugenie goes past Father Antonio's house. The porch is overrun with roses and Cape jasmine. Paola, the priest's adopted son, is sitting on the porch. Eugenie asks for some of the flowers to place on her mother's grave. Paola is captivated by the blonde beauty of Eugenie. He is a handsome young fellow, not at all Italian in looks. He is preparing to become a priest, but he now tells Father Antonio he cannot, because his heart is filled with a wild love for Eugenie. The old priest is saddened. He then tells Paola that he had hoped to make him a priest in atonement, because Paola was born out of wedlock. He also tells him that he was left with a peasant woman when an infant, twenty-four years before, by a rich and beautiful young woman who disappeared. At the age of 5 Father Antonio had adopted him. Paola's outlook on life is entirely changed by this confession. Very late, upon leaving Italy for Paris, takes Paola with him as his secretary. Seeing that Paola is madly in love with his daughter, Renault thinks to use this infatuation in compelling the young man to do certain questionable things..

If you wish to go on with the story you can do so from here, but if you prefer, you can get the first chapters by ordering back copies. The story began in No. 5, February 2. Back copies can be obtained from our agents, news dealers or by mail from the office of publication.

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CHAPTER VII.

EUGENE RENAULT watched his daughter curiously as with flushed cheeks and eager fingers she broke the seal of the thick, creamy envelope, bearing the De St. Maur crest, and drew out the inclosure. As she read the letter the bright color left her cheeks and her breath quickened. Suddenly she dashed the letter on the floor, the color rushed back into her cheeks, her eyes flashed with rage.

"I hate him!" she cried passionately. "Oh, how I hate him!"

"Who is it you hate?" asked Renault, quietly.

"The Vicomte de St. Maur," was the prompt reply.

"Indeed! Isn't this a rather sudden change of feeling on your part?" queried Renault.

"He has acted despicably!" cried Eugenie. "He has treated me abominably."

"What has he done?"

"He told me that he loved me, he asked me to be his wife. I promised I would marry him. Now he writes that as his father refuses to consent to the marriage, he can do nothing but give me up. Read the letter for yourself."

She stooped, picked up the letter and handed it to her father. Renault read the letter with attention.

"He evidently means what he says," he declared, when he had finished. He handed her back the letter. "I could have told you, my dear, that the Duke de St. Maur would not consent to a marriage between you and his son."

"But the Vicomte could marry without his father's consent, couldn't he?" asked Eugenie, with a toss of her bright head.

"Oh, yes, but it might prove awkward for the Vicomte," replied Renault.

"He's a coward! I despise him!" reiterated the girl

Renault observed her attentively. Indignation and rage seemed to be her predominant feelings

"I hope you are not going to grieve over this business," he observed.

The girl flashed upon him an indignant look.

"Grieve! Certainly not," she replied, with much emphasis. "I do not consider a person of the Vicomte de St. Maur's caliber worth grieving about."

Renault smiled. "You would have been the Duchess de St. Maur in time," he reminded her. "Have you no regrets about that?"

A shade of regret stole over the girl's face. She frowned and bit her lip.

"Yes, I do regret that," she admitted, after a moment.

"You could hardly fail to do so," said Renault, grimly.

At that moment Paola entered the room. He stopped at the sight of Eugenie, the color rising in his cheeks.

"I beg your pardon, monsieur," he murmured. "I did not know you were engaged."

Eugenie turned and gave him a coquettish glance from under her curling lashes.

"Father isn't engaged. I am going almost immediately," she said.

She began tearing the letter of the Vicomte de St. Maur into tiny bits, which, with a contemptuous gesture, she tossed into the wastebasket. Paola had come forward and was standing at the desk. She bestowed upon him a bewitching smile as she turned to leave the room. Renault smiled oddly as he observed that Paola turned pale and trembled.

"He's mad about the girl," mused Renault. "Thru her he could be made to do—anything. And unless I am much mistaken, she is a born coquette and knows well how to allure." His eyes narrowed with satisfaction.

As he rather abstractedly dictated some letters to Paola, he was revolving a scheme in his mind in which that young man was to play a prominent part.

During the next few weeks, Renault managed to throw Eugenie and Paola much together. Her father was right, the girl was a natural born coquette and she was well aware of Paola's infatuation, tho she was incapable of fathoming its depts and intensity Without possessing any great depth of feeling, she was amorous and susceptible, and she fancied herself very much in love with Paola She led him on by all the arts and allurements in which she excelled. Matters soon culminated.

One evening they were walking in the grounds that surrounded Renault's handsome residence. It was a beautiful moonlight night. Eugenie wore a filmy black gown which left bare her white shoulders and slim dazzling arms. A black ribbon was wound in her glittering hair. She had placed a red rose in her bosom, and its perfume mounted like wine to Paola's brain. She was so beautiful, he could not keep his eyes from her. His heart began to beat madly. Suddenly he leaned toward her.

"I love you!" he whispered. "Oh, God! How I love you!"

She looked at him from under her half-lowered lids and smiled seductively.

"Do you?" she whispered provocatively.

His arms went about her. He was trembling from head to foot. He felt her yield and drew her closer, bending his head over hers. She lifted her face, bewitching in the moonlight, their lips met and Paola's soul passed out of his keeping.

When, an hour later, they came into the room where Renault was sitting, he glanced up at them keenly. His eyes lingered only an instant on his daughter's pretty face, the rose on her cheek a little deeper than usual, the touch of a soft smile about the lips. Then he looked at Paola, whose face was pale and whose eyes were very bright.

"The time is ripe," murmured Renault to himself.

Eugenie did not linger. She kissed her father good night and went away to bed

As the door closed upon her, Renault turned to Paola, and said with some abruptness: "You are in love with my daughter, Antonio?"

Paola started. "Yes," he replied, after a moment. "I love her."

"And she cares for you?"

"Yes," Paola answered, the light deepening in his eyes. He glanced anxiously at Renault. "I want to ask your consent to make her my wife."

Renault shrugged his shoulders. "I have no objection provided you can support her," he said.

The light went suddenly out of Paola's face, leaving it black and white. "I have no money," he murmured. "I had not thought of—that."

Renault smiled with a touch of contempt. "You are not very practical," he declared. "Money is the first thing to think of when one wishes to marry."

"That is true," admitted Paola, with a wan smile. "I couldn't support a wife on two hundred francs a month."

"Hardly. I can put you in the way of making quite a great deal of money." Paola looked at him eagerly. "Provided you care to join me in—er—certain enterprises," Renault added, blandly.

"I should be only too glad," declared Paola, with much sincerity, his face lighting. "What sort of enterprises?"

"I will endeavor to make that clear to you," said Renault.

He motioned Paola to a chair near him, and, after a cautious glance about him, began to speak in a low voice.

After a little while, Paola, who had been listening eagerly and with close attention, suddenly started back with a shocked look. A single word, in a horrified tone, broke from his lips.

Renault nodded sapiently.

"If you like to call it that, yes," he said. Paola remained speechless. "We work along systematic lines," continued Renault, lighting a cigar as he spoke. "I am a silent partner. Perrot is the active member of the firm."

"Perrot!" Paola's face expressed his repulsion.

Renault smiled. "Perrot is not a prepossessing person, I'll admit," he said. "But clever, very clever in his particular line. We have found the—business very remunerative. If you care to join us, you will of course receive a liberal share of the—profits."

It was a little while before Paola spoke. "And if I refuse?" he murmured, at length, unsteadily.

Renault shrugged his shoulders and removed the cigar from between his lips.

"In that case I should refuse my consent to your marriage with my daughter," he answered.

For the space of a moment Paola hesitated.

"I will join you," he said, at length, very pale.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE Duchess de St. Maur had advertised for a private secretary. There had been a number of applicants, but none had suited. The Duchess de St. Maur, a beautiful, pale woman, sat in her morning room looking rather weary.

A footman entered. "Another applicant, madam," he said.

"Very well. Admit him, Henri," said the Duchess, resignedly.

The footman bowed and retired. In a few minutes he returned and ushered in a young man at whom the Duchess de St. Maur stared with dilating eyes and whitening face. The footman withdrew. The applicant came forward, bowed and stood waiting for the Duchess to speak. It was an instant or so before she did so.

"You have applied for the position of secretary?" she queried.

Paola bowed. "Yes, madam."

"What is your name?"

"Paola Antonio, madam."

She glanced at him quickly. "You are an Italian?"

Paola flushed. "I was born in Italy, madam," he replied.

"Your name is Italian, but you do not look like one," said the Duchess, her eyes fixed strangely upon his face. Paola did not speak. "You have credentials?"

"Yes, madam. I bring credentials from Monsieur Eugene Renault, whose secre-

His Arms Went About Her. He Was Trembling From Head to Foot. He Felt Her Yield and Drew Her Closer.

tary I have been for some months," replied Paola.

The Duchess' brows lifted slightly.

"Monsieur Renault? He has a daughter, Eugenie?"

Paola flushed. "Yes, madam," he replied.

At that moment the door opened, and a handsome young man, about 22 years of age, entered the room.

"I beg your pardon, mother, I did not know you were engaged," he said, with a glance at Paola.

Paola looked at him, his heart beating quicker, as it dawned upon him that the young man was the Vicomte de St. Maur, of whom he had been so madly jealous.

"I am engaged at present," declared the Duchess, and the young Vicomte left the room.

She turned again to Paola. "I would be glad to look over your credentials," she said.

Paola handed them to her with a sense of shame that brought a flush to his cheek. She motioned him to a chair. Paola sat down and watched mechanically the flashing of the diamonds on the white hands of the Duchess as she unfolded the papers he had given her. For a time he almost hoped that she would not engage him and thus frustrate the ignoble purpose to which he had lent himself. Then, with a leaping of his pulses, he thought of Eugenie, and the better impulse died in the madness of his love and passion for the girl. He was filled with dread lest the Duchess de St. Maur would fail to employ him.

After a little while she looked up from the papers.

"The papers are satisfactory," she declared. "I shall be pleased to give you the position."

After Paola had taken his departure, the Duchess de St. Maur sat for some time in deep thought, a far-away look in her eyes, her face pale and sorrowful. At length, she arose and crossed the room to a desk of some rare wood fretted with gold. She touched a spring hidden in the heart of a carved rose, and a secret drawer slid out. In the drawer were a package of letters and a miniature of a young and handsome man.

The Duchess de St. Maur took the miniature from the drawer and stood gazing upon it with a great tenderness and a great sadness in her eyes.

"There is a resemblance, a great resemblance," she murmured, "it was no fancy of mine. A chance resemblance, but it has wrung my heart. Was it wise for me to employ him? Will not the past come back to me every time I look upon his face?" A wan smile crossed her lips. "After all, what difference will it make? The past is always with me. I cannot forget. I have tried,—God knows I have tried—but it has been in vain." She pressed the miniature passionately to her lips. "Oh, my love! My love! I shall never forget until death."

"Mother!" cried a girlish voice.

The Duchess de St. Maur started guiltily, hastily replaced the miniature and closed the drawer. A pretty young girl came into the room, went up to the Duchess and put her arms fondly about her.

"You look pale, dearest," she said, kissing her.

The Duchess sighed. "I am tired," she said. She gently disengaged herself from the girl's arms and seated herself upon a couch. Aimee came and knelt beside her.

"I saw Eugenie Renault yesterday, mother," she said, her pretty face grave. "She was in an auto with her father and a very handsome young man." She paused. Then, with something like tears in her eyes, she continued: "She would not speak to me. It hurt me, mother. I am so fond of Eugenie."

"Never mind, dearest," said the Duchess, soothingly, smoothing caressingly the girl's chestnut hair, "If she could treat you in that way, she is hardly worth fretting about."

"I do not think she minds much about Leon, mother," continued Aimee, thoughtfully. "The young man with her appeared to be her lover. They seemed quite devoted to each other."

The Duchess smiled.

"We should be glad that she has not fretted about Leon," she declared.

Aimee pouted as she arose to her feet.

"She hasn't very deep feelings, mother, or she could not forget so soon," she declared.

"I never thought that she had," said the Duchess. "She is very pretty, but I never cared for her. Even had she been Leon's social equal, I should have been sorry to have had him marry her."

At that moment the young Vicomte came into the room. Aimee, prompted by a spirit of mischief, looked at him and said: "Leon, Eugenie Renault is not breaking her heart about you." The Vicomte de St. Maur stopped suddenly, his face flushing, looking at her questioningly. Aimee went toward the door, looking back over her shoulder as she added, "She has a new lover." She went out laughing.

The young Vicomte stood quite still, his face pale, his hands cinched.

"Leon!"

He started and turned toward his mother. She arose and went to him.

"Mother, is it true?" he asked unsteadily.

"I do not know, dear," she replied gently. She laid her hand tenderly on his arm, looking at him questioningly. "Do you care so much?"

A quiver passed over his boyish face. "I love her, mother," he replied. "And I thought she loved me. I did not think she would forget so soon."

"It is best for you both to forget, dear, since you cannot marry," declared the Duchess. "Leon, I did not think you really cared so much."

"I do not think I knew it myself," said the young Vicomte, drearily.

He turned from her abruptly, walked to the window and stood looking out with miserable eyes. The Duchess hesitated a moment, looking at him. Then, with a sigh, She turned and went out.

That same evening, the Duchess de St. Maur was in her dressing-room when her husband entered. The Duke de St. Maur was a dark, stately-looking man. His eyes lighted admiringly as he looked at his wife. She was dressed for a ball in a gown of pale blue velvet and wore a number of diamonds. The maid quietly withdrew as the Duke came forward. He took his wife's hand and lifted it to his lips.

"You look very lovely!" he murmured. She smiled a little, her hand resting passively in his. "We have been married twenty-three years," continued the Duke, "but I am as much your lover today as I was the day we were married."

He drew her in his arms and kissed her. She yielded with gentleness, but she did not respond. The Duke released her, suppressing a sigh. She had told him quite frankly when he asked her to marry him that she did not love him, but he was madly in love with her and nothing seemed to matter so that he won her for his wife. After they were married, he tried in every way to win her love, but he had not succeeded. She had been a faithful wife, a devoted mother; she had borne his name with dignity and honor, but he had utterly failed to win her love. No faintest touch of scandal had ever touched the fair fame of the Duchess de St. Maur. She had never had a lover; she had the reputation of being very cold, a woman of ice.

"Did you succeed in securing a secretary?" asked the Duke.

"Yes." She was clasping a diamond bracelet about her arm and it was just an instant before she replied. "A young man whose name is Paola Antonio. He was formerly in the employ of Monsieur Renault and brings excellent credentials from him."

The Duke de St. Maur lifted his brows.

"I am rather sorry you engaged him," he declared. The Duchess looked at him questioningly. "There is just a little something that is dubious about Renault," he continued. "Nothing very definite, just the shadow of suspicion. It was unfortunate that we ever permitted an intimacy between his daughter and Aimee."

"Yes, it was unfortunate," admitted the Duchess, thinking of her son as she had seen him that day tortured by jealousy of Eugenie Renault.

"However, this young man you have engaged may be all right," added the Duke.

The Duchess said nothing.

CHAPTER IX.

PAOLA ANTONIO had been in the employ of the Duchess de St. Maur for more than a month, and he was no nearer the accomplishment of his purpose than he had been the day he came to the Chateau. That purpose had become more hateful to him every day, for the beautiful Duchess was very gentle and kind.

One morning, after she had finished dictating the letters for the day, she began to talk to him of himself.

"In what part of Italy were you born and raised?" she asked.

He told her the name of the little village near the blue lake and the Duchess started. It was a moment or so before she spoke. "Your parents were not peasants? You are too well educated."

"I was raised and educated by Father Antonio, a priest," Paola explained.

"You are related to him?"

"No." His face flushed, as he continued: "He gave me his name because I had no name of my own. I was given into his care by a peasant woman, Francesco Romano, when she was dying."

The Duchess looked at him strangely. "This woman was not your—mother?"

"No," replied Paola, and again the shamed flush rose to his cheeks. "I do not know who my mother is," he continued, something impelling him to speak. "I am a child of shame."

The Duchess de St. Maur was staring at him, her face whitening from chin to brow. The jeweled hands, resting on her lap, were clasped convulsively together.

"A child of shame?" she said, in a half-whisper.

Paola bowed his head. "Alas, yes, madam."

The Duchess rose slowly. She was deadly white and her eyes were wide and strained. She moved slowly toward the door like a woman in a dream. Upon the threshold she paused, turned and looked back at Paola. He had turned again to his writing. A look of yearning tenderness flashed into the beautiful eyes of the Duchess. She made a movement as tho to go to Paola, restrained herself and passed out of the room.

Upstairs, in her room, she dropped upon her knees beside the bed, throwing her arms across it in abandonment.

"He is my child!" she moaned. "My child! The child of my love and of my shame!"

In the meanwhile Paola was wondering why he had been so confidential with the Duchess de St. Maur. "Something seemed to impel me to it," he reflected.

He sighed with a mingling of pain and bitterness in which he always thought of the shame of his birth. He dropped the pen and pushed aside the letter wearily. He was tired, very tired. He leaned back in his chair and fell to thinking of Eugenie. His heart beat faster and his pulses quickened. His madness for the glittering, rose-and-white beauty of the girl swept all before it. He must have her, he wanted her so, he told himself.

His fingers, moving restlessly over the desk, came in contact with the hidden spring, and the secret drawer slid out.

Keeping Up With the Times

NEVER before has one part of the world had so keen an interest in all the other parts. With every big nation in the throes of war and the United States taking one of the leading parts, it is a patriotic duty for every one to keep abreast of the times. The best way to do this, and at the same time derive a great deal of enjoyment, is by becoming a regular reader of The Saturday Blade. Not only are all world events of importance covered in entertaining style, but photographs of persons and places in the limelight, pictorial snapshots of interesting happenings of the battlefields, odd and unusual things and columns of breezy reading of many kinds are other features. Are you reading the Blade's great series of articles on the Indians of Yesterday and Today, illustrated in colors and edited by W. D. Boyce?

The price of the Blade is only 5 cents and you can get one from the Agent who sold you this Ledger.

She loved very much and whom it was her intention to marry.

"Who is he?" demanded the young Vicomte, wild with jealousy, maddened by the girl's beauty and coquetry.

"His name is Paola Antonio," Eugenie told him.

"My mother's secretary!" exclaimed the Vicomte, amazed.

"Yes," declared Eugenie, watching him thru half-closed eyes and keenly enjoying the torture to which she was subjecting him. "I love him," she added, softly, "and we are to be married."

The young Vicomte arose, very white. "I suppose I had better go," he murmured, dazedly.

Eugenie arose and dropped him a mocking courtesy. "Good afternoon, monsieur," she said.

The Vicomte went toward the door. As he passed out Eugenie laughed. An half-hour later the young aristocrat entered the room where Paola sat at the desk. He was very white and his mouth was set in a straight line. He walked straight up to the desk.

"I congratulate you, monsieur, upon your betrothal to Mademoiselle Renault," he said, with covert insolence.

Paola started slightly, then he replied very quietly:

"You are very good, Vicomte."

He took up his pen and prepared to resume his writing.

"Mademoiselle Renault was hardly dry with the old love before she was on with the new," sneered the Vicomte. "She is very ready to bestow her affection."

Paola turned very deliberately and looked at the Vicomte. "That is a lie," he said.

The Vicomte lifted his hand and struck him across the face. Paola arose very pale, save for the red mark across his face.

"You shall answer to me for the blow, Monsieur Vicomte," he said.

The young Vicomte bowed gravely. He had become very calm and spoke with studied courtesy. "I am at your service, monsieur."

The door opened and the Duchess de St. Maur came into the room. She gave a quick, questioning glance at the two young men. The Vicomte turned nonchalantly and went to meet her. Paola remained standing beside the desk. Outwardly he was as undisturbed as the young nobleman. And still the Duchess was conscious of a vague feeling of dread and uneasiness. She replied rather vaguely to the remarks of her son, and several times she glanced questioningly at Paola.

That night, as Renault and Perrot were closeted in the library, Paola entered. He greeted the two men quietly, tho the feeling of repulsion with which Perrot always inspired him rushed over him, and the thing he was doing appeared to him more infamous because of the part Perrot played in it. He told himself there was still time to draw back, that the letters were still in his possession. As he stood irresolute, the door opened and Eugenie stood upon the threshold. The girl had put off her mourning garb and wore a gown of pale green which set off wonderfully her dazzling skin and glittering hair.

"I beg your pardon, father; I thought you were alone," she said. As she spoke she gave Paola a bewitching glance that set his pulses throbbing.

"I am engaged just at present, Gene," Renault replied. "Paola and I will join you later." As the girl went out Renault turned to Paola. "Well, Antonio, any discovery yet?"

Paola took the letters from his pocket and handed them to Renault.

"I found those letters in a secret drawer which I discovered by accident in the desk of the Duchess de St. Maur," he explained. "I think they will serve your purpose."

Renault seized the package eagerly; he ran swiftly thru several of the letters while Perrot watched him gloatingly. After a moment Renault looked up at Perrot.

"Our conjecture was correct," he said, with great satisfaction. "The Duchess de St. Maur has a secret. She was the mother of a child before she married the Duke de St. Maur."

An exultant expression broke from Perrot's lips. Paola turned abruptly and walked away to the window. The gloating faces of the men sickened and disgusted him.

"What price?" queried Perrot of Renault.

"Fifty thousand francs at the very least," replied Renault. "She'll pay." He called to Paola, who turned and approached the two men reluctantly. Renault regarded him with a look of approval that caused Paola to wince. "You have done well, Antonio," he declared.

Paola said nothing. Such praise was intolerable to him. It filled him with an overwhelming sense of shame. Renault was shrewd enough to guess that. "We won't keep you any longer, Paola," he said. "Go find Gene," he added, with a smile. As Paola went out he turned to Perrot and said, "I think we shall find him useful."

"Yes, provided he doesn't balk," declared Perrot.

Paola found Eugenie in the drawing-room, seated at the piano, singing softly to herself an impassioned love song. He stood for a moment listening, looking at her unobserved. Then he crossed the

CHAPTER X.

IN THE meanwhile, Eugenie was amusing herself in a manner that would hardly have recommended itself to her lover. She received a visit from the Vicomte de St. Maur. Jealousy had revived the young Vicomte's infatuation for the girl.

He began at once to reproach her for her fickleness, declaring that he had heard she already had another lover. There was much that was feline in the girl's nature. She loved to torture and saw no reason why she should not indulge it where the young Vicomte was concerned, feeling that she had a grievance against him. She was shrewd enough to be aware of the fact that the young Vicomte had no intention of defying his father and marrying her. Whatever feeling she had had for him was dead and she fancied herself very much in love with Paola.

After she had played with the young Vicomte for a while she very candidly admitted that she had a lover whom

room to her side. She kept on with her song, looking up at him as she sang the tender, impassioned words.

"Gene!" he whispered, passionately. "Gene!"

Her hands dropped from the keys, she leaned toward him. He crushed her in his arms. Their lips met and clung together.

CHAPTER XI.

PAOLA said nothing to Renault of the result he had received from the Vicomte de St. Maur, nor of his intention to challenge him. He felt instinctively that Renault would not be in sympathy with him and would probably try to prevent his fighting. He sent the challenge to the Vicomte, and the duel was arranged to take place three days later, in the morning at sunrise. The place selected was a grove on the outskirts of Paris. Paola had decided to continue in his position until the day before the duel.

He saw very little of the Duchess de St. Maur. One of her maids, an elderly woman, came to him with instructions from the Duchess. This was a great relief to Paola, who felt miserably guilty and ashamed when with the woman he had betrayed into the hands of those preyers upon men, Renault and Perrot. He had sent her a written resignation, and it had been accepted without comment. He was told by the maid who brought his instructions that the Duchess was not well, and the occasional glimpses he had of her confirmed this—she looked pale and almost ill.

The day that he was to leave the Chateau de St. Maur a message was brought him that the Duchess wished to see him in her boudoir. He found her half reclining upon a couch, startlingly pale. As he drew near to her, he saw that she was greatly agitated. He paused uncertainly.

She pointed to a chair beside the couch. "Sit down," she said. Paola obeyed. "You and my son, the Vicomte de St. Maur, propose to fight a duel at sunrise tomorrow?" she asked.

Paola started. "Madam!" he murmured.

"I found it out quite by accident," she continued. "How it matters not. I taxed my son with it, and he admitted that the duel was to take place. You quarreled about that girl, Eugenie Renault?"

Paola bowed gravely. "I resented certain remarks of the Vicomte de St. Maur in regard to Mademoiselle Renault," he said quietly.

"The duel must not take place," declared the Duchess. "I have pleaded with the Vicomte to withdraw, but he refuses. I now appeal to you." She leaned toward him. "You will withdraw?"

Paola smiled. "That is impossible, madam," he replied. "My honor is as dear to me as the Vicomte de St. Maur's is to him. The Vicomte struck me in the face. Such an insult can only be wiped out in blood."

"No!" the word came like a cry from the Duchess' lips.

"I can understand, madam, that you should fear for your son," said Paola, gently, his heart going out in compassion to the suffering woman, for that she was suffering greatly was evident. A pang that was half bitterness went thru him. If he fell there would be no mother to weep for him. He turned to the Duchess. "Madam, if one of us must die tomorrow, I pray that it may be I and not your son. I have no mother to break her heart for me!"

"Oh, God!" burst from the Duchess' lips. Paola looked at her half wonderingly. She made an effort to control herself and continued more quietly. "I implore you not to fight the Vicomte!" she pleaded.

"If I were to do as you wish, madam, I would be branded as a coward," declared Paola. "There is but one condition under which I could withdraw with grace—if the Vicomte apologizes."

The Duchess shook her head helplessly. "He will not do that," she declared.

"Then the duel must take place," said Paola, very decidedly.

The Duchess suddenly sat upright. She looked at him strangely.

"No, it must not! You and he cannot be arrayed against each other! His blood must not be upon your head, your blood must not be upon him! Nature cries out against it! You are—brothers!"

"Brothers?" repeated Paola, dazedly. "Brothers?"

"Yes, I am your mother," said the Duchess. She stretched out her arms to him yearningly. "My child! My child!"

Paola had risen and was staring at her with a look of horror in his eyes. She put out her hand toward him as tho to ward off a blow.

"Don't look at me like that!" she moaned. "I cannot bear it! Don't reproach me!"

"Reproach you!" murmured Paola. "It is I——" He paused.

"Sit down and listen." Paola resumed his seat. The Duchess continued: "Your father was my cousin. We had loved each other from childhood. But we were both poor, that most helpless of all poverty—patrician poverty that forces the keeping up of appearances. We could not marry. There came a time when love proved stronger than all else." She paused a moment, bowing her head; then she continued in a low voice. "He was going away, a post had been offered to him in India." Again she paused. "In time I found that I was to become a mother. My mother was dead. My father was a cold, proud man. I had no one to turn to for help but the woman who had nursed me in childhood. She told my father that I was in bad health and suggested a visit to some friends in England. My father readily gave his consent. We went to Italy, intending to go to a cousin of Martha's near Naples. On the way I was taken ill, and we were forced to stop at the cottage of some peasants. There I gave birth to a child. When I returned to my father's house the first news that greeted me was that my lover was dead. The ship on which he was returning—he was coming back to make me his wife—had been lost at sea!" She covered her face with her hands, sobbing.

The next moment Paola was kneeling at her feet, his eyes alight with a great tenderness and an infinite compassion.

"Mother!" he whispered. "Mother!"

Her hands dropped from her face. A faint smile touched her lips as she met his eyes. "You do not despise me?" she murmured.

In answer he took her hand and lifted it reverently to his lips.

* * * * * * *

"That fellow, Antonio, is a coward," the young Vicomte declared, as he came into his mother's boudoir on the afternoon of the day following. "He won't fight. He has withdrawn."

The Duchess looked at him very steadily.

"I am sure he is not a coward," she declared.

The Vicomte de St. Maur shrugged his shoulders contemptuously.

"I do not see what other construction can be put upon his conduct," he retorted.

"I am sure he has some good reason for withdrawing," persisted the Duchess, with firmness.

CHAPTER XII.

VERY pale, but with a look of determination on his face, Paola came into the room where Renault sat with a cigar between his lips and a glass of wine on a small table at his elbow.

"Ah, Antonio!" Renault began genially, but stopped as he got a good look at Paola's face, his eyes lingering upon him questioningly.

Paola walked straight up to him. "I want those letters of the Duchess de St. Maur," he said quietly.

Renault rather deliberately removed the cigar from between his lips. "What do you want with them?" he asked.

"I wish to return them to the place from which I took them," replied Paola.

Renault laughed. "What an extraordinary idea!" he exclaimed, looking rather amused.

"I do not intend that you shall blackmail the Duchess de St. Maur," declared Paola.

"Indeed!" Renault's face changed. "You remember the bargain between us in regard to this matter?" he queried.

"I remember it, yes," replied Paola, steadily. "But I shall not permit the blackmailing of the Duchess de St. Maur."

An ugly look flashed across Renault's face. "And how do you propose to prevent it?" he asked.

"I shall prevent it," declared Paola, quietly.

"You fool! It is not in your power to prevent it!" sneered Renault. "Those letters are in the possession of Perrot and he will go today to the Duchess de St. Maur."

Paola started quickly toward the door. "Where are you going?" asked Renault.

"To stop him if I have to kill him," replied Paola, as he went out.

"Turned squeamish, d—n him!" muttered Renault, savagely. "Despite his infatuation for Gene! Perrot expected him to balk!"

He drained the glass at his elbow, started to his feet and began walking up and down the room, a scowl on his face.

About an hour later, Perrot alighted from a cab at the gates of the Chateau de St. Maur, paid and dismissed the cabman, opened the great iron gates and passed into the grounds. As he did so, Paola stepped from behind some shrubbery and barred his way.

"I want the letters of the Duchess de St. Maur," he said, in the same quiet way he had spoken to Renault.

Perrot smiled craftily. "So that's your game!" he declared. "Want to gather in all the spoils yourself? Modest, upon my word!"

A low laugh left his lips. Paola recoiled for the moment, the unconquerable repulsion with which the man inspired him rushing over him. Then as Perrot made a movement to pass, he stopped him.

"You shall not blackmail the Duchess de St. Maur!" he declared.

Perrot stood very still, gazing furtively at Paola with his shifty eyes, his hand moving stealthily toward the inner pocket of his irreproachable frock coat.

"And how do you propose to prevent it," he asked, in his oily voice.

"I shall prevent it," declared Paola, and the next moment his strong young fingers had closed about Perrot's throat. "Give me those letters or I'll kill you!" he whispered.

Perrot's hand dropped, dragging with it the pistol he had been trying to secure. It fell to the ground between them. Paola made no attempt to get possession of it, his fingers tightened their hold about Perrot's throat. He had the feeling that men have when they get their foot upon the head of a venomous reptile to crush it out of existence.

Perrot's face was turning purple, his eyes bulged, his tongue protruded. He made a feeble wavering movement with his hand toward the inner pocket of his coat. Still with one hand pressing Perrot's throat, Paola slipped his other hand into the pocket of his coat and drew forth the package of letters. He threw Perrot from him, and the blackmailer fell in a huddled heap and lay still. Paola cast a glance of loathing upon him, turned and went toward the house.

The servant who admitted him, believing him to be in the employ of the Duchess, permitted him to enter unquestioned. Paola went direct to the morning-room of the Duchess. He passed straight to the desk, touched the secret spring and the drawer slid out. The miniature lay face upward, and Paola, looking down upon it, knew he was looking upon the pictured face of his father. Very gently he placed the letters beside the miniature.

"Thank God!" he murmured, as he pushed in the drawer.

As he passed along the corridor toward the door, the sound of voices came to him from one of the reception-rooms. He recognized the voice of the Duke de St. Maur, and then a woman spoke. It was the Duchess. For a moment Paola paused, drinking in the sound of the sweet, highbred voice—yearning, pain and the pathos of a mute farewell in his eyes. Dumbly his lips formed the word, "Mother!" and then, with bowed head, he passed on.

* * * * * * *

Father Antonio sat on the porch beneath the roses and the jasmine.

A young man was coming slowly along the white road. He stopped at the gate. Father Antonio arose slowly, staring at him with a great joy in his eyes.

Paola opened the gate and went toward him with the breath of the roses and the jasmine about him.

"My Paola!" murmured the priest, stretching out his hands. "Thou hast returned!"

Paola dropped on his knees at the priest's feet.

"Yes, father," he said. "I have returned to give my life to God."

The End.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Mystery of the $3 Tie

"THIS is the limit!" cried the man, advancing tumultuously into the room where sat his wife and mother. "I can't find my new $3 tie, with the orange splashes in it!"

"Orange!" echoed his wife guiltily. "Did—didn't Harold have on orange socks this morning?"

"What's that got to do with my tie?" demanded her husband. Then he became galvanized with horror. "Hah!" he shouted. "Do you mean to tell me that young snip is wearing my ties? Has he taken to prowling thru my chiffonier drawers? I won't have it. I tell you! Where is he? Where's my new tie?"

"Harold's got it on," the man's mother announced to him, calmly. "Now, Henry, there's no need of your acting as tho you were about to have an apoplectic stroke! Your son has an attack of the 15s, and you may as well make up your mind to grin and bear it! Don't open your mouth that way—it makes you look like a pickerel! I mean that he is 15 years old, and if you have any sense at all you'll realize that he has simply got to splurge. He's probably observed that there are girls on earth, and this surprising fact has driven him to socks and ties.

"I've been noticing it for some weeks," the man's mother continued. "If Harold can get on silk socks and a tie to match he doesn't care a particle if he hasn't washed behind his ears in a week. In fact, he's rather glad he hasn't, because it gives him more time to devote to ties and socks. Likewise it doesn't annoy him in the least that his shoes have seen no polish for a month! He considers he has done his duty in a sartorial way by attending to his neck and ankles. Of course, as you are about to point out, he has a drawerful of ties of his own, but that makes no difference. Probably his own orange tie was a shade out of harmony with the socks and he'd have died at the disgrace had he worn it. Also, your ties are more expensive and, consequently, more desirable, and how on earth was he to dream that you would choose today of all days to want your tie with orange splashes? It didn't seem possible to him that with all those dozens at your command you would be mean enough to decide on the orange one!"

"I've been noticing for some time," the man said grimly, "that ties that I put away freshly pressed looked oddly wrinkled and as tho they had been knotted up! The nerve of him!"

"Well," went on the man's mother, "if you'd looked harder you'd probably have found holes in your best socks, too! You see, sometimes it happens that Harold has ties with no socks to match——"

"Does he wear my silk socks, too?" inquired the man. "Why, I'll——"

"It's not that they are your socks," explained his mother, patiently. "Harold merely desires certain socks, sees them and naturally reaches out and takes them! If you were drowning and a life preserver floated within reach, do you think, Henry Simpkins, that you would pause to turn it over and over to ascertain whether the owner's name was stamped on it? Well, neither does Harold! Have you seen him in his pink socks and tie striped to match? Haven't you observed him Wednesdays in his green suit, lavender socks and lavender tie, carbuncle stick pin and a purple zinnia in his buttonhole?"

"Thunder!" groaned Harold's father, aghast. "Why didn't you stop him? Does he get past the police in that kind of outfit? And why Wednesday?"

"Harold seems awfully fond of that little Hansmore girl," said the man's wife. "He goes to see her every Wednesday now."

"Oh, my grief!" moaned the man, sitting down, collar in hand, and staring. "You don't mean the kid has a girl? Why, I'll—why, I will have it! I——"

"Yes, you will, Henry Simpkins!" the man's mother told him firmly. "Because you can't help yourself! Harold's going to have girls and ties and socks, oceans of em, and you've got to stand for it! Of course it's annoying——"

"Annoying!" said the man, returning afresh to his grievance. "I tell you I paid $3 for that tie! I'll bet he sullies ice cream soda down it! I'll tan him if he does! Why didn't you make him take it off when you saw him with it on?"

"I didn't see him," said the man's mother calmly.

"Huh?" said the man in amazement. "Then how did you know he had it on?"

"I knew right away when I was when you said you couldn't find it!" his mother declared cheerfully. "You see, I raised a boy myself once—and there was a time when he was 15 years old, too!"

"Oh!" said the man, rather flatly. "I don't care!" he muttered as he departed to finish his dressing. "I'll bet I never did such a thing as sneak a new $3 tie from my dad! I'd have had more sense!"

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

His Mistake.

THEY had been engaged three years, but there seemed no indications that the good ship Matrimony was hovering in the offing. She was getting restless, but when she touched the subject he dexterously turned the conversation.

Recently he turned it off to physiology, a science of which he was a student.

"Yes," he said airly, "it is a strange, but well-authenticated fact, that the whole of the human body changes every seven years. You, my dear, are Miss Jones now. In seven years you will have changed completely. Not a particle of your present self will be left; but all the same you will still be Miss Jones."

"Oh, I shall!" said the angry damsel, tugging away at the third finger of her left hand. "I assure you I won't, if I have to marry a—a milkman! Of all the impudence—— Here take your ring and I never want to see you again."

FRISKY FEBRUARY

Miss February is a maid
Sedate, precise and prim;
If some bold lover—unafraid—
Presumes, she freezes him;
But this prim maiden often pants—
The thought is hidden deep—
For gayety—she sees her chance—
And then she takes a leap.

ANNE H. WOODRUFF.

The Duchess Diamond Disappears

By Robert Carlton Brown

It was a glittering stone of fabulous value and it disappeared, apparently into the waters of a canal. It bobs up again with surprising results at the finish.

QUITE a part of the mellow Venetian night was the short, wiry, deep-chested figure standing by a pillar in front of San Marco. It was a night to linger and listen, to expand and glow in the moonlight. From the Grand Canal came quavery foreign cries, the soft dip of oars, glints of lights and wisps of melody. It was a night to win one from bed, a night dimming all days.

The old San Marco clock boomed ominously twenty-one times, proclaiming the hour of nine after the olden fashion giving each hour of the twenty-four its rightful count. And with the last re-echoing boom the piazzi band burst into a rousing military strain, standing in the center of the square, surrounded by a throng of night-pleasurers; for the Venice season was on and the city thronged.

The lonely looking figure in front of San Marco stirred, stepped out and strolled toward the music, slipping into a chair before a table in an outdoor cafe.

"Coffee black," he ordered from an obsequious waiter, and sat musing between the music and a bilarious party of Americans drinking champagne at the next table.

"You can tell an American wherever he is," cried the [illegible] young fellow who was buying [illegible] bottles, flushed with excitement and wine. "And a man from Manhattan you can recognize by the cut of his coat, his cravat, smooth face and keen eyes."

"That is the American eye for money and business, I presume," drawled an Englishman?"

"We have to earn ours," answered the flushed youth. "The majority of our families aren't old enough to inherit from. The aggressive American spirit leaves its print on all of us. Do you think you could mistake one of us for a whiskered Frenchman, an oily Italian, a stolid German or a tight-trousered Englishman?"

"All this patriotism because this is your Independence day, I presume," smiled the Englishman.

"Fourth of July ought to make a man think of his country. You people have bank holidays, Christmas and New Year's; that's all. Did you ever see a regular Fourth of July celebration?"

"Oh, I know; beastly vulgar, charmingly Chinese; fireworks, songs, speeches."

"Wait! We'll show you a Fourth of July celebration." As the band stopped the young American jumped to his chair and waved his hat.

"Hurrah for Fourth of July!" he cried. "Americans! Americans! We're about to jolt old Venice with a real Fourth of July celebration. Anybody who can sing 'Yankee Doodle' or 'Dixie' come over here and help. United we stand! This is our day. Gather round and we may even find somebody who knows the words to 'America.'"

He sat down amid reproving glances from the conservative members of his party and pardonable patriotic grins from the others.

"Hurrah for Fourth of July! We're coming!" came a cry from the other side of the square and a minute later four young college fellows burst upon the table of Americans.

"Welcome to our city; my name's Bowen! Belasco Bowen. Glad to see you on this auspicious day; sit down and quaff the sizzling fireworks drink, pyrotechnical champagne. Forward, Americans!" He beckoned to the crowd about the band and a number of recruits came.

"There's a New Yorker!" cried Belasco Bowen, spying the wiry little man sitting at the next table sipping his cafe noir a little excitedly. "I can tell him by his Yankee derby. Come on in, the watered wine is fine."

The lonely looking man picked up his cup and joined the party, introducing himself as Mr. Hardy, tho his rightful name was Christopher Poe and he was prominent as a banker and society man in New York.

"Now all together!" cried Bowen, "we'll sing 'Yankee Doodle' and surprise the natives. One, two, three! 'Yankee Doodle came to town, a riding——'" He picked up an empty bottle and waved it as a baton in time to the lively song led by the college men, supported by a dozen others. Passing Europeans smiled indulgently at the mad Americans and quite a crowd gathered to enjoy the refreshing novelty.

"Come on!" cried Bowen as the song came to an abrupt finish. "We'll make a raid on all the stores around here and see what we can scrape up in the way of fireworks. Then we'll hire a launch and take a trip on the canal."

His enthusiasm was contagious. Of the score of Americans only three wished to drop out and while the collegians rushed off to find a Chinese store which might furnish fireworks, Bowen bantering persuaded Mr. and Mrs. Van Wendt, the chief dissenters, that their daughter, Constance, would enjoy the spectacle and that it was their duty as Americans to go along.

"What the Devil Do You Mean?"

By the time the scouts had returned loaded with Roman candles, nigger-chasers, good old-fashioned firecrackers, candles and lanterns the number had swelled to thirty; a launch and a polyglot cafe orchestra were hired and amid shouts of "Three Cheers for Uncle Sam," snatches of "Dixie" and other evidences of patriotism the gay party wound up at the Grand Canal, setting off fireworks, making speeches, singing and doing a hundred mad pranks that shocked the staid, respectable Venetians plying back and forth in their somber gondolas and made matter for ambitious reporters and correspondents.

The Canal rang with uncorked patriotism and those who had been longest from home were wildest in their demonstrations.

As the gay ride drew to an end Belasco Bowen gathered up the remaining Roman candles and, picking his way to the bow, steadied himself in the rocking boat, grasped a stick of punk from Mr. Van Wendt's hand and touched off all the candles in a bunch.

He lurched awkwardly with a dip of the boat and a shower of sparks scattered over Constance Van Wendt.

"My dress!" she cried, cringing back, frantically fighting off the sparks.

A dozen hands flew to her aid and the sparks were instantly extinguished. Belasco Bowen apologized sincerely and, no harm being done, returned to waving his candles over the water out of harm's way.

Constance Van Wendt was excitedly rearranging her attire with the help of her solicitous mother.

"Your diamond! The Duchess Diamond!" cried Mrs. Van Wendt suddenly. "Where is it?"

Miss Van Wendt's hand went to her throat, groping for the chain on which the famous gem had swung. "Why, it's gone!" She felt among the frills of her dress, her face anxiously lined and ghastly white in the glare of Bowen's falling rockets.

The deck was searched, Miss Van Wendt's clothes were shaken out, and when the launch finally was moored at San Marco the whole party fell to examining the floor planks for crevices. But nothing came to light, until Belasco Bowen, beside himself with anxiety for having indirectly caused the loss, caught a glint of gold on the gunwale and found the chain hanging down, on the outside, almost touching the water.

Van Wendt grasped the thin chain and jerked it off.

"The stone slid into the water, Constance!" he cried, holding up the finely linked chain. "It's gone. Down to the bottom of the Grand Canal."

"I must replace it!" cried Belasco Bowen anxiously. "It was my stupid awkwardness that caused it all. In fighting the fire some one must have accidentally torn it from her throat."

"The chain was specially made, there is a platinum wire running thru it," explained Van Wendt, holding it up. "I thought it was safe." He passed it into the hand of Christopher Poe, who had introduced himself as Hardy. "See! It must have caught on something. An awful wrench. Didn't you feel it, Constance?"

"In the excitement and everything," she murmured, "I don't know what I felt."

The party, already having dwindled to a dozen, filed sadly into a cafe for a final supper. "I've heard of the stone, it is worth a hundred thousand; Van Wendt is the Chicago grain operator, you know," whispered one of the college youths as the patriotic party took seats.

All the madness of celebration had flickered out and the remaining tourists sat hovering over ices, hushed, hanging on the words of Van Wendt.

"There's just a chance that somebody might have picked up the stone," suggested Bowen, glancing about the table thoughtfully.

"No, there is no chance, the chain was trailing in the water; I should have had the stone fastened to it, but the jeweler said it must slide and I let him have his way. But, come, don't let this put a damper on us. Let's all have a night-cap and break up." Van Wendt's forced cheerfulness chilled them all and the night-cap was mechanically drunk in silence.

Half an hour later there remained at the table only Belasco Bowen and Christopher Poe.

"Mr. Hardy, what would you do in a position like mine?" asked Bowen earnestly, addressing the New York banker, whose affected simplicity and sincerity had won his confidence. "You see, I am morally to blame for the loss, but the stone could not be duplicated. I might send them another anonymously to make up for it."

"Mr Van Wendt seemed satisfied that it was only an unavoidable accident. I am sure he can stand the loss," replied Christopher Poe.

"You don't think he'll harbor any resentment toward me?"

"Why, no. It was all in the game. He came along with us and the accident happened, that's all. You are no more responsible than I am."

"But I urged the Van Wendts to join us," said Bowen ruefully.

"It's mighty unfortunate, but I'd forget it if I were you. You started a good time and we all enjoyed it. Let's think of that instead of the unfortunate climax."

"I guess you're right, but I do feel guilty. I suppose there's no chance to dredge the Canal?"

"Of course not. The diamond's gone. Let's change the subject. Tell me something to see in Venice; it's all new to me and you seem quite at home."

"The galleries and castles of course you've seen?"

"Yes, but isn't there some slumming or something to do in this city of bridges? I've been looking for somebody who could show me an exciting place or two. Something different, that's what I want."

"I'll take you to the fish markets tomorrow, if you like. It's quite a sight," offered Bowen.

"Bully! Would you? I'd enjoy it so much," replied Poe. "I like that sort of thing and it isn't often one meets a kindred spirit."

"That's right," replied Bowen heartily. "Now forget all about that stone," advised Poe in parting. "You are blameless and don't let it worry you. We will meet here at ten tomorrow."

They went to their separate hotels and before going to bed Christopher Poe sent the following cable to his friend Burns, a brother banker in New York who shared with Poe his hobby of anonymously tracing down offenders against banks.

The code message translated read:

"Was the name of the suspect in the Farmer's National burglary Belasco Bowen? I remember he posed as a society chap. When did he sail from New York?"

On returning from an interesting excursion with Bowen to the fish market next day Christopher Poe found the following cipher message awaiting him:

"Right. Saw a newspaper notice last month that after a house party at Van Wendt's he went abroad on same boat with them."

Having torn up the reassuring note Christopher Poe went to his room and sat for an hour concentrating on the missing Duchess Diamond. Then he dispatched a note to Bowen inviting him to dine with him that night.

Poe turned the talk to a glowing appreciation of Naples after the meal and before he and Bowen parted it had been decided that they would take the trip together.

At Naples Christopher Poe managed so he occupied a room adjoining Bowen's and, making his interests conform with those of the younger man, he was soon on an intimate footing with him.

If Bowen had the Duchess Diamond, which Poe believed he had, surely the possession of it bothered him but little. He went about the business of enjoying himself as thoroly as any American tourist and never showed the slightest degree of nervousness, always seeking Poe's company and ever ready for diversion.

They had spent an interesting, exciting week at Naples when one night Bowen received a cablegram which he tore up and threw in the grate in the presence of his companion.

"Good news?" asked Poe.

"No; bad news. I've got to go back home to tend to some business," replied Bowen.

"I've about made up my mind to sail on the Princess day after tomorrow," said Poe promptly.

"Good. Then I will have the pleasure of your company to New York."

Bowen sat in a thoughtful silence for a minute and suddenly remarked: "By the way, I want to take home a couple of bottles of that Barbera we saw in that little wine shop the other day. I wonder if it would be open tonight?"

"We might stroll over and take a chance," suggested Poe, anxious not to

lose sight of his companion now that sailing time was near.

Luckily the shop was open and Bowen purchased three bottles of choice wine privately put up by the dealer in squat, thick-necked bottles.

"We'll drink these up on the boat, to avoid paying duty on them," remarked Bowen, his eyes caressing the shapely bottles.

"I volunteer my help," said Poe; "guess I'll buy a bottle or two myself."

With their purchase the pair strolled back to the hotel and before going to bed that night Christopher Poe sat long in silent contemplation before the heavy wine bottles.

An idea was smoldering in his mind. So far he had nothing tangible against Bowen except his record, as affirmed by Burns, the brother banker in New York. Bowen's interest in urging the Van Wendts to go on the wild Fourth of July excursion and his awkward movement which showered Miss Van Wendt with sparks. Since then Poe had seen nothing to substantiate his suspicion, and he was surprised that Bowen could act innocence so perfectly. If he really had the diamond how did he figure to get it past the customs in New York? In Bowen's manner he found no confession of guilt; the young fellow acted naturally and confidently.

Placing the wine bottles in the bottom of his steamer trunk Christopher Poe went to bed. Next day both were occupied in making preparations for sailing and it was only at dinner time that they met. After dinner as they were sitting opposite each other in the quaint, cool lobby of the little Italian hotel Christopher Poe suddenly glanced down at his left hand.

"How'd I get that?" he cried, lifting his little finger, to show the ragged nail, torn jaggedly across, exposing the quick.

He fumbled in his pocket with his other hand.

"Got a knife?" he asked abruptly, glancing at Bowen.

"No, not here. What's the matter?"

"I've torn my nail. I used to carry one of those nail clippers. They're handy. You don't happen to have a pair?"

"No," answered Bowen absently, then he leaned forward with interest. "Why, yes, by George, I guess I have!" he cried. "I seldom use them." He slipped his fingers into an upper waistcoat pocket and produced a compact steel nail-clipper.

"Thanks, very much," replied Poe, wincing a bit from the irritation as he worked at his nail.

"There, it's all right now. Those are handy things to have," and he examined the heavy sharp blades.

"I find them useful, but I usually forget I'm carrying them," replied Bowen quickly, reaching out and dropping the nail-clippers into his pocket nonchalantly.

Next day they sailed early on a gigantic, fast boat for New York, both evidently glad to bid good-by to vacation and get back to real work.

Belasco Bowen seemed particularly elated, but in the afternoon as the ship struck into the sea and a pronounced rolling motion was felt Bowen retired to his stateroom, which he occupied alone, and Christopher Poe remained sitting in the smoking-room, thinking over the disappearance of the Duchess Diamond and piecing together bits of circumstantial evidence against Bowen.

Half an hour later he strolled up to the wireless room on the promenade deck and to his surprise, as he entered, found Belasco Bowen just handing over a message to the operator.

Bowen glanced up sharply at Poe's entrance, then smiled easily, remarking: "I was afraid I'd be a bit seasick, but I couldn't stand it in my berth, so I strolled up on deck."

Poe had a fleeting glimpse of the wireless message as the operator counted the words, and he was thrilled to find it written in cipher.

For the remainder of the day he strolled about on deck with Bowen and just before bedtime drank with him one of the interesting black bottles of Barbera, finding it excellent.

"Do we stop at quarantine to pick up the doctor?" asked Poe idly, as like all travelers they anticipantly discussed their arrival.

"No," answered Bowen quickly. "But we slow down to pick him up and usually the customs men come aboard there."

"Oh, yes, they row alongside in a boat and climb up a pilot's ladder, I remember."

"Usually just opposite the little Quarantine rock," added Bowen. "We run slow for about fifteen minutes, coasting just past quarantine."

The New York banker was pleased to find that his companion had such exact information, and as a result, before going to bed, Poe wrote a long message to his friend Burns in New York. The message was in cipher and he slipped into the wireless office with it early next morning before many passengers were on deck.

The trip was pleasant and Poe and Bowen were continually together except when Bowen stayed alone in his stateroom during periods of seasickness. Each night they drank together a bottle of the pleasant Italian wine and those on board who noticed them wondered why they were inseparable.

The night before arriving in New York Belasco Bowen was particularly gay; all evidence of seasickness had passed and he gave up the evening to cementing his friendship with Christopher Poe and suggesting delightful little excursions they could make in New York.

Poe, too, was in good spirits, for he had received an answer to his elaborate instructions to Burns.

They met again after lunch next day and New York was already in sight.

"We're getting in," beamed Bowen, sharing the bustling anticipation of the whole ship. "See!" he pointed to a far-off speck. "There's Quarantine, and it's only half an hour to dock from there."

"Land certainly looks good after all this time. Are you packed up?" queried Poe.

"No. Going down to finish now, it won't be difficult. Only a steamer trunk and two grips. I guess I can squeeze everything into them."

He excused himself and went below, while Poe leaned over the rail thoughtfully, watching the little rock island gradually growing bigger against the horizon.

Ten minutes later Belasco Bowen rejoined him.

"Finished so soon?" queried Poe.

"Yes, got everything in but the last confounded bottle of that Barbera. We should have drunk two last night."

"But I had to get rid of mine," smiled Poe. "There's no fun in being delayed by having to pay duty on a little bottle of wine."

"By George, you're right. They'd be sure to stick me for it, and it would take an hour to go thru all the red tape. Let's finish that bottle now. What do you say?" asked Bowen evenly.

"Why, not? There's the old Statue of Liberty looming up, let's drink to her," offered Christopher Poe promptly.

Belasco Bowen whisked thru the saloon and down to his berth, returning instantly with the bottle and a corkscrew.

"Steward," he called to a passing greyhound, "get me a couple of glasses, will you?"

The boat was already slowing up for quarantine and those of the passengers who had finished their packing were crowding to the port rail to see the doctor and customs men come aboard by the narrow rope ladder.

"Let's get over on the other side, out of this crush," suggested Bowen. They sauntered over to the deserted side of the ship, where the glorious Statue of Liberty stood in full view.

Belasco Bowen gazed off across the water, pointing out several small sailing crafts dotting the waves and bobbing about like corks. "Isn't it beautiful?" he cried.

"Yes, but that life looks more romantic than it is. See those two fellows down there, alone in the big dory, handling those heavy oars; do you think they enjoy the jolly fishermen's life you read about?" queried Poe.

The boat in question was headed out to sea and the two fishermen jerked frantically at their oars to avoid a possible collision with the great vessel.

Before Belasco Bowen could reply the servile steward stepped up with the glasses.

Bowen ripped off the tin-foil cap on his bottle, slowly twisted the screw into the cork, pulled it out with an accustomed jerk and filled brimming glasses for Poe and himself. He placed the half empty bottle in the scuppers where it would not tip over and idly removed the cork from the screw as he smiled at Poe and proposed: "We'll drink to the dangers of the sea and the pleasure of safe home-coming."

He slipped the corkscrew into his pocket, absently tossed the cork over the rail and raised his glass to touch the rim of Poe's.

They drank, and Bowen refilled the glasses.

"And here's to the Goddess of Liberty," cried Poe, turning toward the gold glinting statue dimly outlined in the harbor, "may every man who deserves liberty have it."

"That's a funny toast," said Bowen awkwardly, glancing in slight confusion down into the water, where the two fishermen were drifting astern.

"I wonder how that fine figure of Liberty strikes a pretty little smuggler bringing in valuable goods to defraud his country," mused Poe, staring ahead into the dim harbor.

Bowen glanced at him nervously. "What's come over you?" he asked haltingly.

"Why, nothing," replied the New York banker, turning to gaze ingenuously into the shifting eyes of his companion. "I was just wondering how you felt smuggling in that Duchess Diamond."

"How I feel!" Bowen's eyebrows drew down narrowly. His face suddenly cleared, he glanced nervously into the water and then laughed full in Poe's face.

"And I've been wondering all along how it would feel to be an amateur detective who thinks he's worked up a case and wins a fellow's friendship just to betray him at the finish." His upper lip curled contemptuously; he glanced nervously back into the water.

"Oh, I knew you recognized me," said Poe. "Some of my baggage is marked with C. P. and I knew that wouldn't escape your sharp eyes. You've called me Hardy with rather elaborate exactness, thinking you had a joke on me. I didn't miss it, nor did I miss noticing your eagerness to have the Van Wendts join that wild party. I saw you were quick-handed, too, when you spilled the sparks over Miss Van Wendt and nipped off the platinum wire with your little nail-clippers on which I found the nick made in cutting the chain. The hand is quicker than the eye, but not quicker than the imagination."

"What the devil do you mean?" cried Bowen, putting down his glass and turning with his back to the rail. "Do you accuse me of stealing the Duchess Diamond?"

"Yes, and with attempting to smuggle it into New York."

"Where have I got it concealed then?" cried Bowen, his hand sneaking toward his hip pocket.

"Oh, don't trouble to find that little pearl-handled gun. I've seen it bulging out beneath your coat before. Look over there. Do you see that officer in white and those three in blue?" Poe pointed to a crowd of customs officers who had just climbed up on the ship from the doctor's boat and were already coming toward them.

Bowen's expression changed to one of terror.

"I cabled a friend of mine in New York to send customs house officers on board at Quarantine and take you before you succeed in smuggling in the Duchess Diamond."

"But I haven't got it; I never did have it. You can't prove a thing," cried Bowen excitedly, leaning threateningly toward Poe.

Poe turned and signaled to the customs house men, who hurried up. He replied evenly to Bowen, "Of course you haven't it now; but I suspected your interest in those thick necked wine bottles; I noticed the corks were unusually large, and I experimented with one in my room. One of those corks would nicely conceal a big stone like the Duchess."

"But I have thrown all the corks away!" cried Bowen, desperately, as the customs house officers quietly surrounded him.

"Yes, you just threw the one containing the stone into the water and your fishermen accomplices have picked it up by now and are making for shore this minute. "Look!" He put his hand on Bowen's shoulder and pointed toward the fishermen's boat, making for shore. At that moment a trim gray launch flying the police flag leaped out from behind the stern of the great ocean liner and in a minute's time overhauled the big dory with the two pseudo fishermen.

Bowen trembled as he saw the police board the boat and search his accomplices. He saw them remove, after a struggle, a small object from the coat of the larger fisherman. Then Bowen turned to his captors and, his arms slack and limp, his lips quivering, said, "You've got me." His shifting eyes sought Poe's. "But how the devil did you know I planned to throw the cork overboard right here at Quarantine?"

"That was easy," smiled the banker, as the officials in white slipped handcuffs over Bowen's wrists. "After I surprised you sending long code messages I questioned you about the boat and found that you knew we slowed down at Quarantine. I felt that was the most logical place for you to throw over the little cork. Your fishermen could row close while the doctor was being picked up and if you threw the cork carefully it might land right in the boat, or at least near enough so it would float until they could pick it up, unseen because the crowd would be watching the officials boarding on the other side. That is all. I just took a chance, same as you did when you pulled off that carefully planned little party of yours on the Grand Canal."

SONG

You love the minor strain?
Beloved, so do I;
The old ancestral pain
Within us cannot die.

Still let us, dear, rejoice,
And weep but when we must;
The soul's bright wings, thru choice,
Should never trail in dust!

—LAURA BLACKBURN.

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What Women Are Doing in the War

What a Girl Can Do.

THE following is a fine letter from a courageous and patriotic girl who is an asset to the United States of America. May there be others in this Nation who are like her.

"A farm girl can do many things to help her country in time of war if she is an ambitious girl and improves every opportunity to be of service. Some girls say, 'I wish I could do something to show how much I love my country.' A girl who is helpful in the home and on the farm is doing just as much to help win the war as the boy who crosses the ocean to fight the Germans.

"While the men are fighting, some one must remain at home and raise food to supply our soldiers and Allies, who are fighting for our freedom. If the war continues, very soon all the able-bodied men will be on the battlefield. Then the women and girls must take their places on the farms or in the shops and factories. A country girl, even tho she is still in school, can do much to help on the farm. She has the long summer vacation to devote to work in the house or garden. A city girl has less opportunity to be of service, for while she is in school there is little she can do unless she gets some position in the summer.

"A country girl, who is strong and healthy, can have a garden of her own and raise vegetables for the family and some to sell. In this way she will be increasing the food supply. If every country girl would raise enough for herself and one other person, our soldiers would not starve. A country girl can also raise poultry and sell the eggs. She can pick berries in the summer and gather nuts in the fall, which would otherwise be wasted.

"A girl can show her patriotism for her country by doing Red Cross work, knitting or sewing for the soldiers, or helping raise money for Red Cross funds. A girl who is brave and encourages her brother or father, when he has to go to war, is also doing a service for her country. For example, a certain young man was very eager to join the Navy and fight for his country. When he told of his intentions his sister cried and begged him not to do so, telling him he would surely be killed if he did. The boy soon lost his courage and gave up the idea. Therefore, a girl should encourage, rather than discourage, her brother if he wishes to become a soldier. I think a girl should try to do all she can at home to help her country.—M. L. R."

Warm Clothing Needed.

MRS. MAUDE RADFORD WARREN, in an account of her observations in France and Belgium when on a trip for the American Fund for French Wounded, said this:

"I saw a good deal of the work and wonderful organization of the American Red Cross in Paris, and I want to say that we in America cannot do too much to help it. The organization is wonderful in the elimination of waste and works most effectively with the greatest economy of effort. The Red Cross supply service was evident in many places I visited, especially the French hospitals, where, thru the constant drain of the war, the supplies are never abundant. I saw on my trips to the front and in the billets a great deal of the pressing need of warm knitted articles for the protection and comfort of the soldiers. Some men for lack of warm socks had lost their feet. Their feet had been frozen and it was necessary to amputate them. All they had were thin, worn-out cotton hose. If they had been warmly equipped they could have resisted the cold. In the hospitals where the men were sick with pneumonia, caused by the exposure, they would say, 'If I only had a scarf or sweater to keep me fairly warm, I would not be here, but fighting better for France.'"

Mrs. Warren distributed fifty or more sweaters to some poor, shivering French soldiers, who showed her they had only thin cotton shirts under their uniform.

Housewives the Savers.

It is estimated, says the Boston Globe, that the 6,000,000 of the 12,000,000 housewives of the United States who have signed the Hoover pledge cards have saved 390,000 tons of food and that the program of the food administration, if carried out by every citizen of the country, will effect in the coming twelve months a saving of 5,403,000,000 pounds of wheat, 3,637,600,000 pounds of meat, 4,368,000,000 pounds of sugar and 676,000,000 pounds of fats. At a salary of a dollar a year, Mr. Hoover's services are cheap.

Suspicion.

"You suspect the new waiter of being a German agent?"

"Yes. The other used to receive a tip with polite gratitude. This one acts as if he were collecting an indemnity."

Off It Comes for Her Country's Sake.

SAMSON listened to a woman, cut off his hair and lost, literally, the sinews of war. Now cometh a modern woman, harking to the call of Uncle Sam's sons, and cutteth off her hair to provide said sinews. History simply sets new music to old words or vice versa. The photograph shows Florence Mansfield, Boston's patriotic daughter, ready to snip off her lovely hair to provide material for rope to be used in the making of a submarine tiller. Her patriotic impulse was original, springing from the need of rope in the Navy as outlined to her by friends in the United States Marine Corps. She had very long tresses and she could amply spare some. She believes every girl in the country ought to sacrifice a few. She believes there is another use for hair more important than wearing it yourself—that is for one of our fighting men to wear it, in a wristband or ring. Then, when our boys get real lonesome "over there" all they have to do is to take one long, lingering look at that strand of hair, and as they gaze, the winsome face of the girl back home will rise before them, and all will be right again!

A Little "War Mother."

BY MARTHA HOLDEN.

PERHAPS Martha needed all the love that seemed to be her birthright to win her way among grown-up brothers and sisters, inclined to be resentful of her. Before her baby lips could lisp their names, her baby fingers had intertwined themselves in the heartstrings of every member of the household and could play upon them in whatever way she chose.

And such a born little mother as she was from the beginning—always fussing around trying to make somebody "comf'able" and her dollies were sick a very great deal, just so she could nurse them and tend them and coo to them.

The minute she learned to print a little, mother would find a note tucked under her pillow or in her hand, when she wakened from a nap, or sister would discover a small crumpled missive among the tea things brought in by the grinning Parthenia. They were smiled over and cried over, too, a bit, and then put away between the leaves of books to be kept always. Wouldn't you like a note like this too?—"Deer mOthER i LOve yoU tHAt i LoVE yoU DO no &c.," and mother knew that "&c." meant worlds more of love than she could express in print.

And now that she is 12 she has "adopted" a motherless, sisterless, sweetheartless soldier, because she can only play with her dolls in the refuge of the kitchen where Parthenia reigns supreme, and big brothers and sisters even don't dare to come to tease her about it. Big black Partnenia would make things hotter than her own famous muffins for that person who dared to laugh at her adored "little Missy."

But just lately the dolls are left to a Sleeping Beauty sort of sleep all nicely tucked away in their beds, for Martha is very solicitous for her soldier boy's comfort. She learned to knit so perfectly and so swiftly for him that not a lad in camp is better supplied with knitted things. And she still is addicted to notes. Even the big Christmas box was not so eagerly received as are Martha's quaint weekly letters to her "son," filled with old advice and young enthusiasm, and Parthenia's very best chocolate cake was not half so sweet to him as the face of his "little mother" snapped just specially for him.

He had been rather a wild, careless lad, too, before he was "adopted." There never had been, since he could remember, a woman face to be clouded by anything he did, and it had been easy to drift with no anchor.

"Daffy about a skirt or got religion?" sneered one of the "bunch" when he refused to take "French leave" from the camp for a lark, one night.

"A little of both perhaps," answered Martha's son, unruffled.

And when he came to sail for "over there," just the other day, he took with him a record from camp spotless enough to make any mother's heart beat proudly and it may be because every Sunday he made an honest report to his little war mother. With her clear young eyes full of faith, looking straight at him from the picture on the top of his trunk, he couldn't "doctor" that report at all—just told her the straight, unvarnished truth and so that the truth needn't hurt her, he made it shine clearer and cleaner than any amount of varnish could make it.

Altho Parthenia couldn't read a word, these reports were waved joyously before her eyes, each week, and she was so glad when little Missy was glad, that she recklessly promised another cake "big 'nough for the whole Army, an' they mouthes'll water when they sees it."

"I have never seen you, dear little war mother," he wrote her in his good-by letter, "but I am not going to ever let you be ashamed of me. Some day, perhaps, you will have a son more worthy, but never one more loyal or grateful than I."

A Widow of France.

"HENRI, Henri, come quickly! Some one has come from your godfather in America." Thus Eunice Tietjens, writing from Paris to the Chicago Daily News, begins her account of a visit to a widow of France.

Little fatherless Henri, 8 years old, chubby and mischievous, came like a small catapult from the tiny plot of ground behind the house. His hands were as grubby as a small boy's should be on Thursday afternoon—there is no school on Thursday in France—and his eyes were two stars of curiosity.

Henri's godfather is T. K. Webster of the Webster Engineering Company of Chicago, whose own son, Henry—Henry Kitchel Webster his name is—writes such excellent novels. Henri, the godchild, is one of the thousands of French war orphans who have been temporarily adopted by charitable people in America.

With his widowed mother, Henri lives in a two room board house just outside the walls of Paris. Below it is the moat, relic of the warfare of other days, now dry and filled with small vegetable gardens—Paris has need of food and its battles are fought elsewhere.

Henri's mother is a type of the wonderfully courageous, wonderfully devoted French mother of today, the woman who is struggling against heavy odds to keep her family together and make a home for them, to guard the precious next generation of France.

Her husband—he was only 33—went at the first call to arms and she never saw him again. When he had been gone four months her youngest son was born.

"It pains me," she says, her brown eyes full of trouble, "that Ernest never saw his youngest son. I wrote him and I said 'I shall name the child after you, for I shall not see you again.' 'You are droll,' he wrote back. But in three weeks he was dead, hit by a piece of shrapnel.

"Since then we have lived as we could. My oldest daughter, who is 15, helps me with the sewing. We make trousers for the soldiers. But there is no work just now. The cloth does not come and it is now winter. It is damp here and last winter the dampness froze in sheets on the walls. We had no coal.

"But we shall get on. It is healthy for the children here. We have plenty of air and sunshine and a little piece of ground for them to play in. And their godparents from America send them warm clothes and money. They send more than that; they send courage and hope. We shall get on."

Henri had been watching solemnly. Even a fat piece of chocolate was hardly enough to make up for his disappointment that the some one from his mysterious godfather in America was only an ordinary person, after all, with two eyes and a nose, just like anybody else. Now he slipped out quietly.

Suddenly the door opened again and Henri, playing Jack-in-the-box, stuck in a roguish face.

"Bonjour, madame from America!"

The door shut again in a gale of childish laughter. Henri's mother sprang up, herself laughing like a child. She ran to the door, brandishing a broom in mock punishment, and Henri scuttled giggling up the path.

His mother came back slowly.

"We play," she said. "But what would you? He is a child. And life must go on." Her eyes were somber now, with the quick change of the Latin temperament. "I have lost my Ernest. We were brought up together. We were happy. But life must go on.

"You see, France must always go on."

And Henri's mother spoke for all the widows of France.

Women in Service, 1,266,061.

An estimate based on surveys in fifteen States for the National League of Women's Service shows that there are approximately 1,266,061 women in the United States engaged in essential war industrial work. In munitions factories, the estimate shows one hundred thousand are employed.

College women and others specially trained are to be mobilized by the Labor Department as a reserve to fill positions in Government offices, replacing men who have been ordered into the military service. The work of registration is to be handled by the Women's Committee of the Council of National Defense.

Navy Accepts Miss Moore.

Captain Moffett of the Great Lakes Naval Training Station has announced that the application of Miss Virginia Stoddert Moore of Kansas City, for a position as first-class yeoman in the United States Navy has been accepted and Miss Moore is officially enlisted as a first-class yeowoman. Captain Moffett stated that she probably would be stationed at the recruiting office in Kansas City.

Miss Moore is the first woman to be accepted at the Great Lakes Station, according to Captain Moffett.

His Frightful Afternoon

THE first thing that flashed into Van Riper's startled mind was the appalled hope that Camelia would never find out about it. If there is one thing above another that a man hates it is having his wife's cruel judgment justified.

Camelia had looked so dubious about leaving him that afternoon that he still writhed under the memory.

"I certainly am not going," she had said, "and leave you here alone! If you're so sick that you have to come home and go to bed you need attention."

Van Riper had insisted on her keeping her engagement. "A good sleep will fix my headache," he had insisted. "I'll be all right."

"Something will happen," she had persisted. "I know I ought to stay!"

"I guess you can trust me not to get into mischief!" Van Riper had said, with great sarcasm that was totally lost in her reminder that he always did when left to his own devices. And now he had done this!

The bedroom window looked out on the gently sloping roof of the side porch below. Van Riper always had wanted to rig up a sleeping apartment on it, but his wife had refused her consent. She said that he would certainly roll off during the night. It was a beautifully easy porch for a burglar to climb and Camelia had had the window fitted with the sort of patent catch that prevented its being raised from the outside at all.

Freedom from espionage had led Van Riper on this peaceful afternoon to climb thru the window to the porch roof, just to see what kind of sleeping porch it really would make. He was in respectable gray pajamas and the people next door were away, anyhow. As he climbed out he accidentally whacked the window sash and the affair, oiled and balanced to a nicety, slid down and shut with a determined little bang.

Therefore Van Riper was out on a porch roof in pajamas in broad daylight with a locked window behind him. This was when he hoped that Camelia would never know!

Van Riper weighs close to 250 and after one look at the porch pillars, which at that moment resembled toothpicks, he decided not to climb down after all. Anyhow, he would be no better off, because the cook was out and he could not get in thru the door. He began to get nervous. He was certain that anybody within one mile could tell they were pajamas.

"Hey!" he called, as some one went whistling down the walk by the side of the house. The whistle ceased, and gazing up delightedly was the surprised and interested face of the worst small boy in the block.

"Whee, fellers!" he yelled to the front street. "Come on'n see the fat man on the roof! He's goin' to dance!"

"I'm going to lick you when I get my hands on you!" promised Van Riper in cold anger.

"Yah-h-h!" responded six small boys who had arranged themselves in a semicircle as tho prepared to see it out.

"I'll give you a quarter if you'll run around to the carpenter shop and have them bring a ladder," wheedled Van Riper, who had remembered a basement window.

"Make it a dollar."

"I'll lick all of you," Van Riper assured them in deep wrath. He was getting acutely conscious of his bare feet in bedroom slippers. Then the grocery boy appeared and promised to get help. The ladder arrived and with it five more boys and two men from a plumbing shop.

"That ladder's no good," said one plumber. He'll smash it sure."

They took it away and brought back another that seemed built for the safe passage of a baby elephant. Eight more boys, the Baffins cook and a policeman accompanied the ladder. The side yard was filled with a vastly entertained crowd which was constantly recruited from the front street. Before this mob Van Riper painfully, clutchingly made his descent. The crowning insult was when he heard some one ask whether it was a moving picture film.

"He's a bum actor," decided one critic. "Ain't he fat!"

Touching mother earth Van Riper made a wild dash for the basement window. It was fastened. He burst in the glass recklessly with a brick and as recklessly tumbled thru it. He landed up to his knees in the laundry tubs full of cold water and clothes soaking in preparation for the laundress, but even then Van Riper's ears burned furiously. Never again could he stride, condescending, dignified, down the street. Wet and shivering he padded thru the laundry and up the basement stairs. The door at the top was firmly locked from the other side.

Two hours later, when Mrs. Van Riper returned, she unlocked the door on his feeble call. In silence she listened to the details he was forced to give her. In silence she turned away, and Van Riper miserably slunk along back of her, vaguely thankful that she had not said, "I told you so!"

Something seemed the matter with Camelia. Her shoulders were shaking. Then she fell over against the stair rail and he saw that she was laughing convulsively.

"You know," she told him finally, "that bedroom window wasn't locked at all, goose! You hated that patent fastener so that I had it taken off last week!"

An Adventure by Rail

THE young woman with the red hair clicked her knitting needles industriously.

"There's nothing more delightful," she began, "than proving something to a man—especially something that upsets one of his theories. I've just had a lovely experience of the kind with my husband."

The other women in the group rustled expectantly.

"Tell us about it," they urged.

"Well," began the red-haired young woman, "you know Jim has always declared that women were more unfriendly than men—to their own kind, that is. He said he couldn't see why women always sat and glared at each other in trains and places, where men usually talk. He actually said he believed we were jealous of other women who happened to be well dressed and attractive. He talked about it so much that I thought I'd do something to silence him. However, I waited for the right opportunity. It came last week.

"We were on the train coming home from our trip East," she continued, "and there was a very attractive young woman in the Pullman seat ahead of me. That is, some people would have thought her attractive. She thought so herself. She had unconventionally blonde hair and a remarkable complexion. She smiled a vampirish smile that was very fetching with her fair coloring.

"I decided to make friends with her.

"So after Jim had gone into the smoker I engaged her in conversation. She was very pleasant—that is, if you liked her—and we were quite friendly when Jim came back at lunch time. I introduced Miss LeClaire and remarked that she was going in to the dining car with us. Jim didn't say much, but I don't think he was pleased exactly.

"Miss LeClaire—I think her name was Genevieve—quite put herself out to be fascinating. But somehow she didn't fascinate my husband at all, and he kept getting grumpier and grumpier. Men are so hard to please! It developed that she had forgotten to bring her purse into the diner, so of course Jim paid for her lunch.

"She seemed to want to keep on talking, but Jim hurried off to the smoker and never turned up again until 6 o'clock. Genevieve and I were really intimate by that time; she'd told me all about her love affairs and the millionaire who was going to commit suicide if she didn't marry him immediately. Of course, there was no question about her dining with us, that was understood. She ate a very expensive meal, too, and Jim had to pay for it. Somehow she never could remember to bring her purse.

"Afterward Jim dragged me out on to the observation platform and asked me how I ever happened to pick up a woman like that.

"'Why, I thought you wanted me to make friends,' I defended. 'You're always saying so. I did it to please you.'

"He didn't have time to say anything, for just then Genevieve joined us. But he didn't look as happy as he should have looked, considering that I was just trying to please him.

"Well, we got rid of Genevieve for the night by going to bed early, but I never hoped to escape breakfasting with her. However, I got up awfully late on the chance that we might avoid her, and Jim was waiting for me, glum as an owl.

"'Your friend Miss LeClaire,' he announced, 'has left the train.'

"'Left the train!' I repeated. 'Why, I thought she was going on to Chicago. I'm very sorry.'

"'I should think you would be,' he remarked. 'She didn't pay for her breakfast—had it charged to me. She told the waiter I was her brother!'

"'And so' finished the red-haired woman, 'Genevieve had gone. That was the end of that.'

"How perfectly awful!" murmured the spectacled girl, who was knitting a helmet. "But it really doesn't prove anything. You really could make friends with women on the train and enjoy them. If you'd picked another sort of person——"

"Oh, I wasn't trying to prove anything," the red-haired girl declared emphatically. "All I wanted to do was to make Jim stop talking all the time about women being unfriendly. And I may add that he nearly has stopped it, too!"

In The Nation's Service

America is sending its best men to fight for freedom and in their honor the whole land is dotted with service flags carrying the stars of sacrifice.

It is a far cry from the crowded city streets above which floats our service flag to the telephone exchange hidden in the front-line trenches. But the actuating spirit of service here and abroad remains unchanged.

The Stars and Stripes is the emblem which unites us in war for human liberty and national honor. The service flag is the emblem which unites us in mutual sympathy for the men who give themselves and for those who give their men.

These flags should inspire all citizens to greater endeavor and greater sacrifice. As one of the agencies of preparation and military support, the Bell System is honored by the opportunity to do its share.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE
But Your Nose?

BEFORE AFTER

IN THIS DAY and AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. *Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses without cost if not satisfactory.*

PERMIT NO ONE TO SEE YOU LOOKING OTHERWISE: It will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new *Nose-Shaper*, "TRADOS" (Model 32) corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely and permanently. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

M. TRILETY Face Specialist, 1005 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N.Y.

Farm Life WILL GIVE $360.00 FORD AUTO

FIRST GRAND PRIZE

In the picture are hidden a number of faces. How many can you find? Some are looking right at you, others show only the side of the face—you'll find them upside down and every way. Mark each face you find with a pencil, clip out picture, send to us with name and address NOW. We will give away a $360.00, 1918 Model, Ford Touring Car as First Grand Prize and Thousands of Dollars in Cash Rewards, Prizes and Special Premiums. Each worker will be rewarded. Solve the puzzle. If you can find as many as FIVE FACES we will send you at once **1,000 Free Votes** toward the $360 Ford Auto and other Grand Prizes. We will also give away several $40 Bicycles. These will be given free and extra, regardless of who gets the Auto. Someone will get Ford Auto—WHY NOT YOU? FARM LIFE, Dept. 251 SPENCER, IND.

ALL THESE FREE

Gold plated Locket set with sparkling stone and 20-inch chain, one Netherside Bracelet to fit any arm and these 4 g[illegible] Rings ALL GIVEN FREE [illegible] EAGLE WATCH CO., Dept. 32, East Boston, Mass.

The Big One—"Look here, kid, de nex' time you sends me a valentine see dat it's got them hearts and lacy jiggers an' let it smell of perfumery! See?"

Fire Water Only.

Clerk (in small town hotel)—"Will you have a pitcher of water sent to your room, sir?"

Colonel Bluegrass—"Water? What for? Ain't there any fire escape?"

Calling Him Down.

"If women just had a little tact, and didn't fly to pieces their own selves when their husbands git to jawin' and tearin' around, there'd be less troubls in families," said Mrs. Grim to a neighbor.

"I suppose that's so," replied the neighbor

"I know 'tis," replied Mrs. Grim. "Do you suppose I lose my head and my tongue and go all to pieces and say things I'm sorry for afterward when Grim gets into one of his tantrums? Well, I don't. I just keep cool and calm him down."

"How do you calm him down?"

"Well, sometimes with a stick, and sag'in with a broomhandle, or mebbe I'll grab up a pail o' water and douse all over him. There's plenty o' ways to calm a man down if a woman will only keep cool herself and try 'em."

What Did Solomon Say?

London children certainly get some quaint views of life. An instance of this recently occurred in an East End Sunday school, where the teacher was talking to her class about Solomon and his wisdom.

"When the Queen of Sheba came and laid jewels and fine raiment before Solomon, what did he say?" she asked presently.

One small girl, who had evidently had experience in such matters, promptly replied:

"'Ow much d'yar want for the lot?"

Solving a Financial Difficulty.

Bobbs always was a quick-witted chap. Only one other possession of his was as nimble as that wit of his, and that was his money. He was always broke, and always reckless withal. He took a cab once, being a bit unsteady, to convey him from the club to his dwelling, the latter some distance. The cool night air blowing thru the open windows sobered him enough to permit of his realizing that he had no money to pay the cabman's fare

Just at that moment the driver made that very usual inquiry:

"What address did you say, sir?"

And Bobbs said promptly, "Nr so-and-so," such a street and number, the same being round the corner from his own abode. The house reached, Bobbs dashed up the steps, rang the bell furiously, implored the doctor to go at once with his instruments to attend and such a house, the lady being in a dying condition from an accident.

A cab was at the door, and would the doctor take the cab? The doctor would. Bobbs huddled him in, gave an address, and then started off to telegraph to the lady's brother. Of course, Bobbs went home round the corner, and, of course, the cabman searched in vain for the number, and, of course, the doctor—well, what could he do?

The Unabashed Warrior.

The commanding officer was much troubled about the persistent untidiness of one of his men. Reprimands and punishments alike were unavailing. The man seemed incorrigible. Then a bright idea occurred to the officer. Why not make the fellow march up and down before the entire company, and so shame him into decency?

The idea was duly carried out, and the untidy warrior—who, by the way, hailed from the Emerald Isle—was forced to exhibit himself to the contemptuous scrutiny of his fellows.

Undaunted, however, he then came to a halt before his commander, saluted, and with the utmost sang-froid remarked: "Divil'rest company I iver inspected, sorr!"

Sticks to Lovely.

The young lady had been educated at college and was giving an order to the grocer.

"I require some cheese," she said.

"Yes, miss," replied the grocer, smiling amiably, "I have some lovely cheese."

"You should not say 'lovely cheese,'" said the girl, severely. "'Lovely' should only be used to qualify something that is alive."

The grocer's smile broadened as he glanced at the Gorgonzola. "Well, then, miss," he said, "I'll stick to 'lovely.'"

Had Seen Them All.

During President Lincoln's first visit to the Springfield penitentiary an old inmate looking out thru the bars remarked:

"Well, Mr. Lincoln, you and I ought to be well posted on prisons. We've seen all there are in the country."

"Why, this is the first I ever visited," replied the chief executive, somewhat astonished.

"Yes," was the reply, "but I've been in all the rest."

Efficiency.

Tailor—"Shall I put the usual number of pockets in the trousers, sir?"

Customer—"No! Only one. My wife is now a woman with her war work now, and I don't want to take up too much of her time."

Mistress—"Why are you leaving, Nora? Haven't I always treated you like one of the family?"

Nora—"Yes, and I can't stand it any longer"

MA'S VALENTINE.

Pa dropped his book and looked away. Then said to ma, "You know what day is almost here?" And ma said, "Yes. I ought to know the day, I guess It's the same day you used to shine A-sendin' of a valentine To every little girl you knew." And Pa said, "I sent one to you."

"Yes," ma said, "Lydia and Sue And Belle and Bess got their share, too, That you sent." Pa said, "So they did' I was a reg'lar Cupid kid All right But then I spent my dough For costly things for you, you know, When we were keepin' company. Them was glad days for you and me."

"Indeed, they was!" Ma give a sigh "You never let the day go by From then to now, but that you bought Something more costly than you ought. I s'pose you'll do the same this year, As always. Don't get nothin' dear." Pa said, "I must, dear, for your sake— I think I'll git a pound of steak."

Good as New.

During his vacation a lawyer met an old friend in the village and their conversation drifted to a discussion of the natives. A young farmer came under their view.

"He's a fine-looking young fellow," said the lawyer.

"Y-e-a-h," assented his friend.

"Well, anyway, he has a mighty good head."

"It ought to be," was the reply. "That man's head is brand new—he's never used it any."

Realism.

Cook—"Now, Master Robert, you mustn't bring your train into the kitchen. I'm busy making cookies."

Bobby—"Oh, but this is where we stop five minutes for refreshments."

Good Advice.

"No more alarm clocks for me," he said. "Why not?" I cried. "Too costly," he replied. "I'm going into business for myself. If I'm merely to sleep late, there will soon be no particular reason why you should get up at all."

Difference.

"There's a big difference between a kid that's poorest boy could have fun making a snow man. You remember we used lumps of coal for his eyes."

"I remember. I suppose making a snow man is now a pastime for children of the very rich."

Camouflage.

"Father, what kind of beasts were the rams they used so much in the Civil War?"

"They were probably the ancestors of the ewe boat of today, my boy."

Not a Roman.

The Swedish drill instructor was putting the men thru it, and while the younger ones seemed to get on all right one or two of the older men looked a bit puffed. At last one man, who had been younger in his day, told the instructor that he was too old for that sort of practice

"But how old are you?

"Forty-one last month," was the reply.

"Why," exclaimed the instructor, "the Romans used to do this sort of exercise at the age of 60."

"Perhaps they did," said the perspiring private, "but I'm not a Roman—I'm a Welshman!"

Did You?

Did you ever stumble around in the dark to look for a match, and find that— floors stand out nine feet from the wall?

The table reaches entirely across the room?

The electric light switch has disappeared?

The wall advances to the center of the room to meet you?

The chairs each have twenty-seven legs?

And the bureau, upon which you left the matches, has disappeared entirely?

Scriptural Rain.

Farmer Hayrick—"Mighty wet rain, hain't it, squire?"

Squire Grouch—"Ever hear of rain that wasn't wet, you idiot?"

Farmer Hayrick—"Yes, I did. Accordin' to Scriptur, it once rained fire and brimstun, by gosh."

Where He Lived.

Guy—"Do you know Lincoln's Gettysburg address?"

Jane—"I thought he lived at the White House."

Not in Luck.

Von Blamer—"I had the most singular thing happen to me the other day. Did you ever go into a man's place to pay a bill you owed him and find him out?"

Plankinton (emphatically)—"No, sir. Did that happen to you?"

"It did. I had a notion or rather I nerved myself up to it, to settle up some bills that I owed. So on my way up from the office I dropped in to see my fishmonger."

"And he was out?"

"Correct. Then I tried my grocer."

"He was out?"

"Right. Plenty of shopmen, but no proprietor. Of course, I left word that I called in to settle up, but wanted to see the proprietor first. Dispute about bills. Do you twig?"

"Oh, yes; that strengthens your credit."

"Exactly. Then I called to see my butcher, and I'll be banged if he wasn't out also."

"By Jove! but you were in luck."

"No, I wasn't."

"Why not?"

"When I got home I found them all waiting for me."

Needed a Doctor.

Mrs. Jones rushed into her neighbor's and, hot and agitated, asked if she might use the telephone

"What's the matter?" asked the neighbor

"I want to send for the doctor for my husband!" panted Mrs Jones

"What's up with him?"

"He tells me he has got hepatitis, dyspepsia, rheumatism, enteritis, gastritis, appendicitis, nephritis and cerebro-spinal meningitis."

"Where did he get all that?"

"Why, a man induced him to buy a medical dictionary, and he's just begun reading it."

Wanted to Remember Him.

Mabel had developed a really passionate interest in Abraham Lincoln. She had always admired her grandfather, but her admiration deepened to veneration when she learned that the old gentleman had seen Lincoln often

"And you can really remember Lincoln?" she said in awestruck tones.

"Yes, dear," said grandfather. "You know, I am much older than you."

"How much older must I be before I can remember him?" asked Mabel

Knocked Out.

"We'll have to film this last battle scene over again."

"What's wrong with it?"

"The hero, who is supposed to club twenty men to death with the butt of his rifle, accidentally struck one of the supernumeraries too hard"

"Well?"

"The 'super' retaliated with a vicious upper cut and the hero won't be able to act for several days."

Policeman's Way.

Tommy (to policeman licking his pencil while taking notes)—"Why do you always lick your pencil before you write?"

Policeman—"Well I suppose it's to make the case look blacker."

Between Cats.

Clara—Mr. Blank paid me a great compliment yesterday. He said I grew more beautiful every day."

Maude—"Well, practice makes perfect, you know"

The Doctor Was There.

A doctor sat in a front seat in a theater the other night. In the breathless silence, as the third act neared its climax, there was a commotion near the door, and then a grave voice said

"Is Dr. Blank in the audience?"

Dr. Blank rose calmly. He passed down the aisle with the serious, self-contained air of one on whom the life of a fellow creature depends. A young man awaited him at the door

"Well?" said the doctor. "Well, sir, what is it?"

"Doctor," said the young man, as he drew a large wallet from his breast pocket, "I'm Cash & Payup's new collector. Would it be convenient for you to settle that small account this evening?"

Two of Them.

A police magistrate was disposing of a series of cases at a rapid rate and with great eagerness and dignity

"Then you are sure you recognize this handkerchief as the one stolen from you?" he said to the complainant.

"Yes, your worship," was the reply.

"How do you know it was yours?" the justice demanded

"You can see it is of a peculiar make, your worship," replied the witness. "That is the way I know it."

'Are you aware, sir," shouted the justice, drawing a similar one from his pocket, "that there are others like it?"

"Indeed, I am," replied the questioned one still more pluckily. "I had two stolen"

"So you got some comic valentines?"

"Yes"

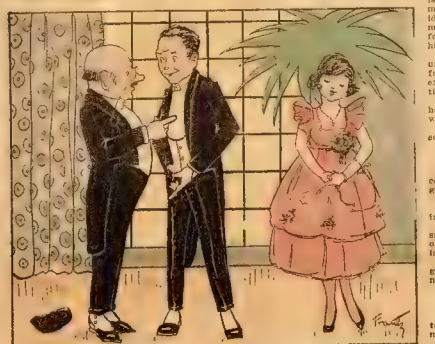
"Did they make you angry?"

"Not a bit. I was glad they weren't bills."

Friends.

"A dog is man's best friend."

"Well," replied the prudent citizen, "considering the price of ham and eggs, a pig and a hen must be very comfortine, even if they're not so sociable."



Billion—"Don't you think, sir, that you are rather impudent to ask me for the hand of my daughter, even if it is Valentine's day?"

Brokely—"Y-e-s, sir, and I wouldn't have done it if she hadn't positively refused to ask you herself."

At the Burlesque Matinee.

Mrs. Wabash—"And you say you're treating your little daughter for the stage?"

Mrs. Dearborn—"I am doing that."

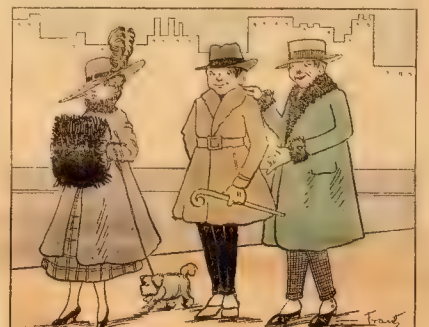
"What do you want her to go on the stage for?"

"So she can see her father occasionally. That's him down there in the front row."

Why He Wore Rubbers.

A famous physician, asked at the New York Academy of Medicine why he wore rubbers on a day when the streets were perfectly dry, replied:

"My wife runs down the street after me with them when I don't. I wear them to keep her from getting pneumonia."



Dobbs—"Going to send your wife a valentine this year?"

Bobbs—"No, I'm going to pay her milliner's bill instead."

How He Knew.

Casey—"It's the flight time Oi had lasht Saturday. Divil a thing can I remember after 4 o'clock."

O Brien—"Thin how d'ye know ye had a good toime?"

Casey—"Sure, didn't Oi hear th' cop yell: 'Stick 'em up!' and Oi was tellin' the Joodge about it on Monday morning?"

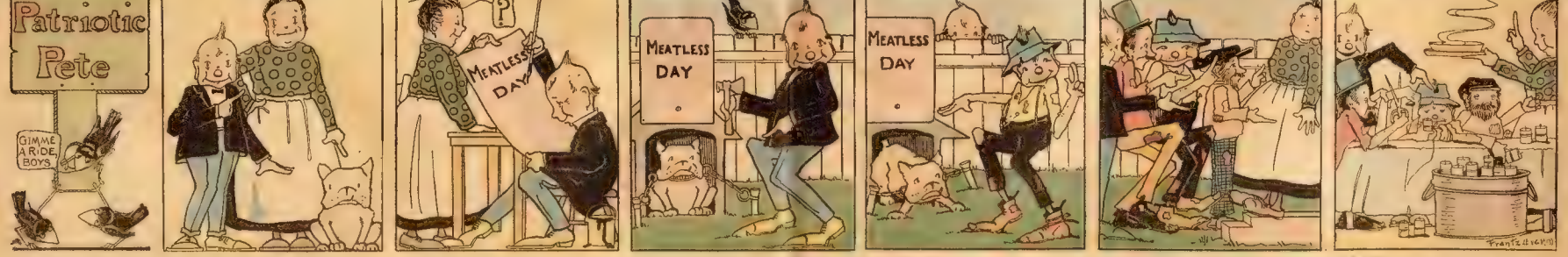
The Scrappers.

Flatbush—"And your neighbor is quarreling with his wife again?"

Bensonhurst—"Yes, the battle's still raging."

"Haven't come to an understanding yet?"

"Oh, yes; they understand that both of 'em are some fighters."



MEATLESS DAY—

We introduces Polly, Pincher and Pete,
Three ardent patriots here you meet.
On Meatless Day they plan to do
Some work to help the U. S., too

By a fine idea Peter was hit,
"I would help dear Polly do her bit
So Pete in letters bold and gay
Lettered a sign: 'twas "Meatless Day."

Pete ran to the house of Pincher grim
And with the sign did the kennel trim
Then with collar and stakes and a chain he found.
He tied poor Pincher to the ground.

Wandering Willie passing by
Espied the doggie and raised a cry
"Come on you, hoboes, here's where we eat
A meal for all, that can't be beat."

Pete points ahead with cordial hand
Safe past the dog advance the band
But Polly faced this hungry mob
"If it's work you want, get on the job"

All tried Pete. "They look quite fit.
I'll make those fellows do their bit."
So all day long, till their backs did ache,
They made trench candles for America's sake

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GENTLE JABS.

Many self-made men are hot-air products.

Throwing mud at a good man soils one's hands.

Even a cheap skate may disfigure much good ice.

An old bachelor is a man who is too late for the fair.

Some men are born great and then proceed to slump.

If you would avoid the fire keep out of the frying pan.

Instructions as to eggs and colts—break before using.

And Uncle Sam should see that we get pure food for thought.

Blight doesn't always make right, but it puts up a hard fight.

The price of liberty often depends on the humor of the judge.

Speaking of women's complexions, seeing isn't always believing.

Too many men who run into debt don't even attempt to crawl out.

Wit is the cayenne pepper of conversation and the salt of literature.

True patriots work for this country's future, instead of boasting about its past.

Anyway, the golden rule comes in handy for measuring the conduct of others.

Here's a bit of advice for those who are always giving advice: "Don't talk so much."

An old bachelor says the worship of the fair sex requires a good many human sacrifices.

Lazy men evidently don't believe in the theory that God helps those who help themselves.

A woman hates to acquire her first gray hair as badly as a man hates to part with his last one.

It sometimes happens that children tell the truth, just as grown people tell lies—at the wrong time.

Some people manage to beat his Satanic majesty about the bush by lying with their mouths closed.

When a minister has a praying congregation behind him he doesn't have to worry about his back salary.

After all, there are but two ways of making a living—working for it and working somebody else for it.

A sewing circle is frequently composed of a lot of women who dress the heathen up and their neighbors down.

Tell a girl that she is as "pretty as a picture" and she forgets that comic valentines come under the head of pictures.

Sometimes it is better late than early. The bit of repartee you think of ten minutes too late might have cost you a friend.

Your Kitchen in Wartime

Facing the Facts.

WE CAN work for a time on our emotions, but it is only when we are willing to face the facts in the case that we can really shoulder the burden at hand and carry it to the finish, according to the United States Food Administration.

Now the facts in the feeding of the Army the United States plans to send over to France are these: This Army would eat 13,350,000 pounds of beef a month, 3,375,000 pounds of bacon, 1,375,000 cans of fresh roast beef, hashed corned beef, corned beef and salmon, 13,350,000 pounds of flour and 3,000,000 pounds of sugar a month.

If we are going to keep our soldiers we are sending "over there" in good health, we must somehow manage to send them this much food a month.

In addition to this, because our fields have not yet been ravaged by war, and because, too, we are able to keep a fair proportion of men on our farms, the Allies look to us to provide a great part of their food supply. This means that millions more tons of food must be drained from our resources, if this war is going to bring victory to us instead of to Germany.

When we are willing to face these facts, then we will begin in earnest to save the food that is wanted for these big shipments abroad. Until then, we will economize one day—the day perhaps we read some pathetic story of hungry little French children. But the next day we will forget and go on our old way with reckless disregard of the price this country and the Allies will pay for our selfishness.

But when we face the facts squarely, then there is not an American woman who will not come forward and shoulder her part of this great burden of saving food with the same plucky determination "to do or die" that is sending thousands of our boys today bravely into the trenches in France.

And once we have steeled our wills for the fight, the rest is easy! Such are the wonderful resources of this country, that for every kind of food we are asked to save there are two or more other foods that we can substitute with no loss of nourishment or palatability.

Thus we have already found that corn, oatmeal, rye and barley can be substituted for a great part of our wheat, and that our meat, animal fats, and sugar there are other appetizing and nourishing substitutes that can be used in part for them.

Substitutes for sugar include raisins, honey, maple sirup, corn sirup, sorghum and molasses; for red meats, fish, poultry, game, beans, nuts; for animal fats, the various vegetable oils.

One sunray is not very powerful. But by using glasses that concentrate the sunray Archimedes was able to set fire to the Roman ships during the siege of Syracuse.

So what food one woman can save in her home may not seem much, but the saving effected by the concentrated woman power of the country is tremendous. To save daily one-third of an ounce, or two level teaspoonfuls of butter for every one in your family may seem too infinitesimal an economy to bother with, for instance. But multiply this saving by the 20,000,000 kitchens in the country and you will see the tremendous saving effected by the concentrated woman power of the Nation.

But to some it may seem an enigma how to save even these two teaspoonfuls of butter a day.

It is better to save this amount by substituting other fats in cooking rather than by economizing on the butter used on the table. While an adult may suffer no injury from the latter economy, butter should be given freely to children at the table. They require the peculiar fat substance it contains for their growth and health. Hundreds of children abroad, especially in Poland, on a diet which did not include proper substitutes, have died or become permanently stunted in growth because they have had to do without butterfats for an extended period of time.

We must do our best to save the rest of these children from a similar fate by exporting butter to these countries in larger quantities than ever before. The Allies are asking for three times as much as they did at the beginning of the war.

We can supply them this if no butter is used in cooking thruout the country. Already chefs and cooks in hotels and public institutions are eliminating it from their dishes, and the up to date housewife is now discovering that butter is quite unnecessary in cooking.

If you have been in the habit of putting a generous lump of butter into a dish now and then "just to make it tasty," forego this habit now.

Never serve more than one fried dish a week.

Always substitute chicken fat or vegetable oils for butter in cooking.

Make as little pastry as possible and all your pies with only one crust.

Never put both gravy and butter on your potato.

Use peanut butter, jellies, cheese and fruit butters on bread for adults instead of butter.

Do this much for the sake of saving hundreds of little children from death, or worse—a life of stunted growth and ill-health.

Ignoring Food Conservation.

NEARLY a year has passed since America went to war, and in that time the American people have been exhorted by every known brand of exhortation to save food. The time to see results has come.

In looking for results Washington has found out this: That the public eating places such as hotels, restaurants, etc., are saving food; they are observing meatless and wheatless days religiously; but that as a whole women in their homes are doing very little to help make their country's supplies hold out.

In their homes! When we sit down and reason out why food-saving stops when it gets as far as the door of the private dwelling, we come to a very unpleasant conclusion. Patriotism flourishes only when our neighbor is around to watch it grow! Sounds unwarranted, doesn't it?

It's true we knit in the fastnesses of our own homes, but there's always the joy of turning in the finished garment.

It's true we join the Red Cross and buy Liberty bonds; but these are things money can buy. We would be ashamed to say we had done neither and there is a certain amount of glamour about doing both.

Money cannot buy our share in food-saving, tho. And there is no glamour about feeding a man creamed codfish when his mouth is set for roast beef. There is no glamour about getting up earlier on wheatless days in order to make corn muffins. And it seems as tho no one ever knows whether you do or not!

Women in their homes are not food savers. It does look, doesn't it, as tho an all-seeing eye were necessary for the growth of patriotism?

If we do not come to this conclusion about the disregard of food-saving rules, we come to one that would be amusing if the subject matter was not vitally serious.

Some of us must think Hoover went in for christening the days of the week because he had a fanciful disposition.

"Oh, here's another new kind of a day," says Mrs. B. as she opens the evening paper. "Hoover says we can't have pork this time. What won't that man think up next?"

And the fact that the announcement of porkless days represents the calculations of one of the greatest business minds in the country does not enter into Mrs. B.'s reasoning. In fact, she doesn't reason, and so she eats what she pleases.

The sooner women begin to realize that wheatless days and meatless days in every American home is not idle talk, that much more apt will our country be to win the war. Every woman has perhaps at some time discovered she is spending too much of her table allowance in one week to make it last a month. America has discovered her people were eating too much meat, wheat and fats to make them last as long as they must last.

If food will win the war, lack of it is apt to lose it. It is better to observe America's food regulations now than Germany's later on!

What the Garbage Collector Knows.

THE garbage collector knows whether or not the housekeepers in your community are backing up their food pledges sent to them by the United States Food Administration. If they are, the work in his department has decreased very materially since last spring.

If he tells you he hasn't noticed any difference in his work, one of three things is the matter. Either the housekeepers in your community haven't realized yet that one of the biggest acts of patriotism any one of them can do is to conserve food, or they do not know how to do this, or they are too indifferent to be patriotic in the matter.

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His Red Cross Sweetheart

By St. George Rathborne

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You Can Begin the Story Now.

WHILE Boyd Kennedy is returning from Europe to America to enlist, the liner on which he is traveling strikes a floating mine and is wrecked. With several other survivors he is finally rescued, after spending three days and nights in an open boat. He has appropriated the coat of an Englishman, Gerald Carroll, who was washed overboard; and upon coming to himself after the rescue is called Mr. Carroll by the attractive Red Cross nurse who is assisting the French doctor in caring for him. He fails to correct her. Altho she gives her name as Thompson, Kennedy believes it assumed. He discovers, looking over Carroll's letters, that the other was a spy in Germany's pay, and believing that he can obtain valuable information by posing as the Englishman, he resolves to do so.

The next day a torpedo strikes the liner, Kennedy forces Nurse Thompson into one of the last boats, which, in being lowered, is overturned. The young man dives into the water and assists the girl to keep afloat. They manage to seize a drifting boat, and during the twenty hours following the girl is greatly puzzled to reconcile Kennedy's kindliness with what she evidently has heard about Carroll. A French destroyer finally comes to their rescue.

Landed at Havre by the French Captain, Miss Thompson takes the first train for Paris, while Kennedy remains to tell his story to the American consul, to whom he gives all the letters and papers of Gerald Carroll, alias Fritz Klauss. The consul in turn reports to the secret service, and asks Kennedy to deliver to the nurse a cablegram sent to the consulate. Delighted at the opportunity to see her again, and free now to reveal his true identity, Kennedy prepares to take the next train for Paris. Just before leaving he succeeds in having two spies put under arrest by the secret service men. His compartment on the train is shared by Basil Duke, a wealthy and elderly New Yorker, who, tho silent and uncommunicative, is evidently in great haste to reach Paris. Kenned; in helping him to pick up the contents of a bill-book which he has dropped, discovers a photograph of Miss Thompson in the attire of a society woman. He conjectures that the nurse is the unhappy runaway wife of this elderly man, and surmising that the cablegram may warn her of her husband's approach, Kennedy decides to reach her first. Arriving in Paris, and finding himself in high favor with the secret service, he deliberately directs suspicion toward Duke unknown to the latter.

The elderly American is put temporarily under arrest, while Kennedy, learning that Nurse Thompson's destination earlier in the day was the Hotel des Invalides, is driven to a hotel. He is hardly established in his quarters before there occurs a Zeppelin raid. After it is over he learns that great damage has been done to the Hotel des Invalides. Hastening there, he is informed that Nurse Thompson is not among the injured. Meeting the head surgeon, Dr. Francois La Salle, and finding him to be an old friend, he intrusts to him the cablegram for the nurse and a short message from himself, still without revealing his identity, which he hopes to be able to explain to her the following day.

You can now go on with the story by reading the installment published in this issue. If you prefer, you can read the entire story in detail by getting back copies from our agents, newsdealers or by mail direct from the office of publication. The story began in Ledger No. 1, dated January 5, 1918.

CHAPTER XXI.

WAITING AT THE GRILLED GATE

ANOTHER dawn came to Paris. To a number of people, however, it served only as a continuation of the preceding day, for they had been on the streets constantly.

Throngs would soon begin to arrive at every point where one of those destructive bombs had fallen, to gape at the damage done, and exchange all manner of comments, in which the enemy would undoubtedly be severly handled, and called hard names for injuring certain beloved buildings in the most noted city on earth.

Then, besides, there was bound to be a great exodus of curious persons, heading for that particular spot in a celebrated forest outside the city limits, where report had it the burning Zeppelin had landed. This same place would be a Mecca for days to come. Tens of thousands would visit it, to stare at the few twisted rods and fragments that told the story of French daring and efficiency over German boldness and wanton cruelty.

Yes, Paris had reason to be well pleased this fresh morning. Even the sun had a cheery smile for those who were early risers, as tho in full sympathy with their jubilant mood.

Those Boches would learn by degrees that the time had gone by when they could with impunity pay stealthy visits to the imperial city on the Seine, bent on destruction, and get safely away again. The French methods were taking heavy toll of the Zeppelins and the German aeroplanes; French fliers knew no limit to daring when acting in defense of their beloved homes; and on more than a few occasions one of their number had been known to hurl himself bodily at an enemy flier, willing to immolate himself on the altar of sacrifice if only he could be sure of dragging a foeman down to death with him. Human willingness to serve could hardly go beyond that point.

Boyd had his meager breakfast, and was soon on foot. It was not his intention to waste any time in wandering around, to see the effect of the bombing by daylight. Still, on his way to the location of the hospital he had to pass again two of the localities where the destructive missiles from above had fallen; and he felt enough interest to linger a bit, to observe, listen, and pick up points.

What amused him most of all was to hear the proud Parisians telling how London, suffering so severely many times by reason of bold visits from Zeppelins and battleplanes, should take pattern from the successful defense of Paris. Boyd understood matters much better than those who so blithely chattered, and took such wonderful pride in the success of their army aviators. He knew that the Germans hated the English much more than they did the French, because, most likely, they felt that it was on account of Great Britain entering the war that defeat, if it came to the Kaiser at all, would be administered. Hence they always fought twice as hard when up against British arms as at any other time.

Kennedy arrived in the vicinity of the hospital after a while. Even then he feared he was too early to be admitted, if allowed that favor at any time; so to pass away half an hour he walked around the block two ...

He had come to one conclusion, and that was to try and clear himself with Nurse Thompson. He felt he had rested under a cloud in her estimation long enough, and that since his usefulness in rounding up those German secret service agents had departed after he left Havre, he owed it to himself to come out in his true colors as a patriotic American.

As his mind went back to his last conversation with her, and he recollected saying that he had been a member of the famous Seventh Regiment of New York, he wondered just what conclusion she could have reached, and if she really believed that he had declared this simply to evade suspicion, and by a subterfuge win her appreciation. It galled him even to think this. He felt that he was being harshly treated by the Fate that as a rule had favored him in the past, and that he could by no means allow her to harbor this suspicion any longer.

A crowd had collected outside the gates of the inclosure in front of the hospital, and as usual there were those present who professed to have been eyewitnesses of the dropping of the bombs that had wrought such havoc in the wing of the building, or else had fallen in the grounds and caused such an excavation. These held forth to thrilled and entertained audiences. Perhaps they told the truth, and then again they may have grossly enlarged their fund of information; but at least they held their audiences spellbound by their stories.

Boyd managed to push thru these groups and reach the grilled gate. Here, just as he anticipated, he found a cordon of sentries on guard. The daily routine of business in the hospital could not be interfered with by allowing hosts of sightseers to wander about and disturb the work of surgeons and nurses.

Looking thru he could see several who wore the white garb with the significant little glowing cross upon their left sleeves, as well as upon their headdress. Eagerly did Boyd scan each face and figure. Some little distance separated him from the nurses clustered near the doorway of one of the wards, as tho waiting to be called to their duties; but doubtless Boyd was gifted with unusual vision just then, for he presently heaved a sigh of disappointment, and made up his mind that the one for whom he sought was not among them.

"It Is Queer How We Run Across Each Other. You Were Certainly Not in Uniform When We Rode Together!"

Still, she might be busy inside, for there must be a night shift as well as one for day duty. Then, again, having only arrived on the preceding day it was possible that the head surgeon had not yet been able to place Nurse Thompson.

After waiting a brief time, which, however, seemed ten times as long as his watch measured it, Boyd determined to make some sort of effort to learn what he had come to discover. Accordingly he started a conversation with one of the sentries at the closed gate, picking out the man whose face most impressed him as being possessed of a genial nature. And again, as in many times in the past, his ability to read character served him well. The soldier proved to be most accommodating. He sympathized with Boyd just as soon as he learned that the American was feverishly desirous of seeing one of the Red Cross nurses belonging to the hospital corps. Of course, he instantly took it for granted that they were lovers.

He readily agreed to find out if the American nurse, who had just come on the preceding day, could be found; and would make sure that the card Boyd handed him was placed in her hands. Boyd had written his own name on this, and underneath he added a brief communication which he felt sure would enlist her curiosity.

"Your companion of the life-boat, who wishes to explain a mystery."

He saw the obliging soldier call to a passing comrade inside the grounds of the hospital and speak to him. The other man grinned, and nodded his head, at the same time giving Boyd a passing glance, as tho to note what the hero of the American romance looked like. But then Boyd was past caring now, and only smiled back at him and nodded genially. Little he bothered about who knew of his interest in the pretty Red Cross nurse, if only his message were promptly delivered.

He saw the soldier saunter across to the building and vanish inside. Then came an almost interminable wait. It seemed to Boyd as tho the minutes were ages. He heard a clock strike the hour and, unwilling to believe that only five minutes had dragged past, consulted his watch to make sure, and groaned.

Every time some one emerged from the open door of the hospital he felt his traitor heart give a mad plunge, but it was only to meet with continued disappointments; for while nurses came and went, the one in whose existence he found himself so decidedly interested was not one of the number.

But there came a ray of hope at last. A man in uniform issued forth, and he realized that it was his messenger returning. Had he not particularly noticed just how the soldier walked, and how rakishly he wore his cap on the side of his head, just as all young soldiers do, whether English Tommies, American Sammies or French poilus?

It was to be hoped that he was bringing good news—that he had himself seen Nurse Thompson, and delivered the message into her hands; also, that she was sending word as to when and where she would be ready to see her fellow American, in order to hear his promised explanation, clearing up several strange things that may naturally have worried her.

He looked in vain for any card in either hand of the oncoming soldier. Yes, and disappointment began to clutch at his hitherto sanguine heart when he saw that the messenger actually shook his head in the negative upon catching the eye of his comrade on duty at the gate.

How slowly he walked! Why could he not hasten his footsteps and put the anxious one out of misery? Boyd found himself gritting his teeth and frowning, as tho he already tasted the bitter cud of defeat. Could it be possible that she had absolutely declined to receive him, having come to the conclusion that he was an enemy to his country—an enemy to France, while enjoying the hospitality of the French nation? Had the terrible event of the preceding night impressed her with the enormity of the offense of being a German spy, and possibly sending information to the enemy on which these murderous raids were built?

But now the soldier was speaking with his friend. Boyd drew a long breath and braced himself to hear the worst, tho determined that he would yet find a way to impress the lady with the truth of his story.

"I regret to say, Monsieur l'Americain," his friend the sentry now told him, speaking, of course, in French, "that the lady you wished to see or hear from is no longer here. Early this same morning Nurse Thompson, so the head nurse assured my friend, left with a unit going to the front, to work in the field hospital back of our fighting line!"

Boyd actually laughed—the relief was so great. Instead of being bitterly disappointed, he felt a sudden joy shoot thru his heart. Oh! If that were all, he saw no reason why he should not be able to follow her. Some means must be employed by which he could himself ...

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to the front, and there within sound of the roar of the great guns, and the rattle of quick-firers, he would find a chance to tell his story and clear his name of suspicion.

He had arrived at this conclusion when he heard his name called, and looking up quickly discovered Dr. Francois La Salle coming toward the grilled gate.

CHAPTER XXII.

KENNEDY'S LUCK HOLDS GOOD.

"COME inside. I want to talk with you, for I can spare a few minutes, it happens," the surgeon was saying, as he came up.

Of course the sentries at the gate knew who Dr. Francois La Salle was, and at his request opened to allow the American to enter the grounds. Boyd's good friend gave him a smile and a nod, as tho glad to see he had such an influential friend at court; for surely the head surgeon of a hospital should be able to prove of considerable assistance when affairs of the heart are concerned, and one of the nurses under his charge is in question.

As for Boyd, himself, his spirits were already mounting high, for he felt that Fortune had once more turned her face toward him. Surely such a loyal comrade of the old days as the Doctor could help him get in communication with Nurse Thompson.

So he gladly accompanied the other, who led him to the building. Entering, they passed several nurses, the surgeon stopping once or twice to make inquiries concerning some special patriot in whom he felt a compelling interest.

Presently they were in the private office of the Doctor, who pointed to an easy chair and nodded.

"Make yourself comfortable for the short time I can give you, my friend," he went on to say, dropping upon a chair himself and drawing it close to Boyd. "I felt confident I should see you this morning, and was not at all surprised. It is too bad that your early rising has been for naught; but she was determined to go, and I had to oblige her. Besides, we are badly in need of help at the front, where our men and women have had much more than their share of this terrible work lately, since our army has taken to pushing forward, recovering all the ground won by the Germans months ago.

"Tell me what she said when you gave her the telegram" urged Boyd, determined to "make hay while the sun shone," and utilize every second of time that the busy head surgeon could give him.

At that the Doctor smiled; for of course he read between the lines, and could hazard a strong guess as to just why Monsieur Kennedy should evince such a decided interest in Nurse Thompson. Somehow there was a something in connection with that name smile to mystify Boyd, accustomed to reading faces as he claimed to be. He wondered if the Doctor had any pleasing news to communicate. Could it be possible that the lady in the case had sent a verbal message? So his heart fluttered with hope and expectation, tho he tried to appear quite calm.

"She opened the envelope, and read the cable message first," the surgeon went on to explain. "It seemed to annoy her, I could see. Then I took it upon myself to say that it had been carried from Havre to Paris by the gentleman who had written a few lines on the back of the envelope; and of course she hurriedly turned this over to read what you had placed there. My friend, I do not know its nature, but it seemed to have a wonderful effect upon the lady. She asked me if I knew that the cablegram was brought to her thru the courtesy of Mr. Gerald Carroll; and I replied that it undoubtedly had been, altho, when I knew you years ago, and we were companions on the deserts of Africa, you were answering to another name."

"And what did she say to that, Dr. Francois?" demanded the other.

"She seemed to hardly comprehend it, my friend. It was what you had written on the envelope that interested her most. I saw her look again and read it, while a frown that ill became her lovely face gradually took possession there. Then it was she asked me to grant her a great favor, saying, 'I cannot stay here another day. It is absolutely necessary that I should leave at once. You mentioned the trouble you were having making up a fresh unit of nurses to go to the front and work. They are to leave the first thing in the morning. Please, oh, please let me join that corps! I must not be in Paris any longer. Indeed I could not stay here now!'

"Of course, I began to understand that you must have sent her some sort of warning. Some one may have arrived whom she did not wish to meet under any condition, which would account for her sudden desire to go to the front. Tell me, am I right in my surmise, my friend?"

"It seems that you are, Doctor," Boyd assured him. "There was a gentleman in my compartment who happened to be carrying a photograph of Nurse Thompson among other things in his billbook. I know, because he awkwardly upset everything on the floor; and in my desire to help him I picked up that picture myself. And, Doctor, Nurse Thompson was not wearing her Red Cross uniform in that photograph, but rare laces and diamonds. One could see at a glance that she must be the most charming idol of society. The man's name was Basil Duke. He was middle-aged, rather stout, red-faced and pompous, tho with a white military imperial that gave him rather a distinguished air."

"So, that is the way it runs, is it?" mused the surgeon, again smiling. "Of course, you must have had a suspicion as to the relationship existing between the lady of the Red Cross and this consequential middle-aged gentleman, my friend?"

Boyd drew a long breath.

"I regret to confess that I suspect they may be husband and wife, Doctor," he went on to say, rather disconsolately. "It seems atrocious, I know, to dream that so young and beautiful a girl could throw herself away on a man more than twice her age, but it often happens that way. He must be a millionaire, judging from the fact that he hired a special steamer to fetch him across from Plymouth; and he grumbled because he could not buy up the railroad rolling-stock between Havre and Paris so as to hasten his arrival in the capital. But no matter. I mean to have one more little interview with Nurse Thompson before I say good-by to my dreams; for she is resting under a suspicion that I have been playing the ignominious role of a Teuton spy, and I am desirous of explaining with what patriotic motives I counterfeited the part. Oh! it is a thrilling story, Doctor, and in good time I promise that you shall hear every word of it; but just now I am most desirous of getting to the front myself, and you must think up some clever scheme that will permit my going there."

"I only wish I had the time now to hear your story, my friend, because I am sure it would warm my heart. But I shall anticipate a treat when perhaps you come back again from the front, it may be with some one accompanying you; for of course, I can fix it, if only you tell me you know how to run a car. We need ambulance drivers and assistants very much indeed; and I shall be glad to enroll you in our lists, so that with a mark on your sleeve you can visit the field hospitals. I myself will give you a few lines to Dr. Duval and others, who will be only too delighted to favor a friend of mine."

"Thank you a thousand times!" cried Boyd, delighted with the swift progress his plans were making. "I felt sure I could rely on so stanch a friend to see me thru. When can I start off, Doctor? The sooner the better."

"Oh, I beg that you will not grow too enthusiastic!" urged the other. "I know that you have passed thru all manner of experiences, but you will come in contact with sights out there on the battle line such as must haunt you the balance of your natural life; for there hundreds and thousands of the bravest

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sons of France are daily being terribly lacerated by exploding shells, suffocated by poisonous fumes, burned by flame-throwers, yet slowly but invisibly driving the enemy back."

"I can understand all that," continued Boyd, grimly; "but even such a ghastly prospect does not make me falter. You know me of old, and how stubborn I can be on occasion. So please conclude the arrangements whereby I may start for the front at the very earliest opportunity."

"It shall be as you wish, M'sieu Boyd, and Heaven grant that you return in safety again, also that your fondest dreams may be realized. Come back, then, at 10 o'clock this morning. I shall have everything adjusted and a place reserved for you on one of the several ambulances about to start to the north. As the roads are in fair condition you should arrive before dark."

"Again I must thank you for all this kindness!" cried Boyd. "But please do not say anything more in connection with my finding happiness. If it is as I fear, you can understand that I am too jealous of my honor as a gentleman to try and make love to another man's wife!"

Then he became aware of the fact that Dr. Francois was chuckling; but before Boyd could demand what he meant by acting as if amused, the other hastened to explain his strange conduct.

"Pardon me, my friend," he commenced, with another of his encouraging smiles, "for keeping the best news to the last. Purposely, when she asked me to allow her to go to the front, I explained how it was a very dangerous thing to do, and that we never allowed our nurses to undertake to work in the field hospitals if there were any one, such as a mother, or a husband, who would offer any objections. Upon which she looked at me, and smiled and said, as nearly as I can recall her eager words: 'My mother and father are both dead, Doctor; and as for a husband, sir, I am not married, have not been married, and am not even thinking of such a thing. In fact, it is mostly because some people, who should have known better, were insisting on my getting married, that I left my own country and came here to France, where I believed my knowledge of nursing might cause me to forget my troubles.' And so you see, my friend, the coast is absolutely clear! Go in and win. It will be the first time I ever knew you to meet with defeat if you fail now."

Boyd was so overjoyed that he could not restrain his emotions. In fact, he seized upon the other's hand and squeezed it until the Doctor calmly bade him remember that he had much need of those same digits in carrying on his work, and hardly cared to have them crushed into a pulp.

And that was how Boyd Kennedy came to walk out of those hospital grounds as tho treading on air. He saw no obstacles now in the way of winning the consent of Nurse Thompson to give him the promise he craved. Surely he had not been conceited in fancying that she was interested in him. That might not have been actually lovelight which he had discovered in the depths of her wonderful eyes, but at least it bordered along that delightful avenue. And when once he had proved that he was an absolutely honorable man, a patriotic citizen of her own country, and also one upon whom no woman on earth had ever had a claim, why, was there not hope that she would give him the encouragement he longed for?

It can be easily understood that he was back there again before the appointed hour, ready to take up his duties, onerous tho they might turn out to be. The Doctor was on hand, and all arrangements had been made, so that at half-past 10, on the seat of one of the four army ambulances that were ready to start away, with the magical Red Cross blazoned on their white sides, Boyd sat handling the steering wheel, dressed as a driver belonging to the order, and with one at his side who knew the road from Paris to the region of the Aisne.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HEADED FOR THE FRONT.

IT WAS just then Boyd heard a voice he recognized. A boisterous voice it was, too, with a ring of authority about it, and in addition a smattering of positive eagerness.

"Pardon me, sir, but they tell me you are the head surgeon of this hospital, and also that you speak English, for which I am profoundly grateful, because my French seems to be as unintelligible as so much Greek to the native-born Parisians. May I trouble you with a question, sir? I am in great distress, and possibly you might relieve my mind, and also be kind enough to do me a favor."

Of course it was Mr. Basil Duke, with his face redder than ever, and his manner more military than when Boyd had seen him last, as tho his martial surroundings may have aroused every slumbering echo of the warlike spirit that dwelt in his breast.

Well, he had been smarter than Boyd had suspected would be the case, in securing his release from confinement. Doubtless he had managed to get word to the American ambassador, who was perhaps a personal friend of his, and in this fashion he had quickly secured his freedom.

After all, what did it matter now? Boyd could observe Mr. Basil Duke with extraordinary equanimity, for did he not have it straight from the bewitching lips of the lady herself, thru the medium of his loyal friend, the Doctor, that she had never taken on the vows of wifehood?

The surgeon, of course, had no means of knowing who the man addressing him might be, tho he suspected his nationality. He returned the courteous salute of the other, and replied:

"If I can be of any service I shall be glad to do you a favor, sir. What is it you wish to know?"

"Thanks, awfully, Doctor," continued the other, eagerly. "You see, it is of the greatest importance to me that I find a lady, who, I understand, is now registered as a nurse at one of your Paris hospitals; and I was directed to come here first of all to make inquiries."

"Would you mind telling me the lady's name?" asked the other. "We have more than a score of nurses in both the day and the night shifts, and new ones are coming constantly; while others leave us for more important fields."

The portly American gentleman stroked his chin reflectively.

"Well—ah!—you see, sir," he commenced saying, "it happens that this young lady has taken the place of a regular Red Cross nurse who was just starving across the water, being accomplished in that same line herself. She had, I might say, a Quixotic reason for such a madcap escapade, which she believed to be sufficient. But gad! She's given me no end of trouble by her action, for it was all a mistake, a sad mistake; but I believe she is going now under the name of Nurse Ann Carey Thompson. Have you any one answering to that name in your establishment, Doctor?"

The surgeon gave Boyd a curious look, and the other smiled, for somehow his feelings toward Mr. Basil Duke were undergoing a wonderful change, and he no longer thought the red-faced man autocratic and domineering, but rather pleasing, after a fashion—a man possibly with a temper, but who might under normal conditions have even a lovable character under his boisterous exterior.

"It seems that Nurse Thompson is quite in demand," the Doctor remarked, and then hastened to add: "I regret to inform you, sir, that altho the lady in question is indeed a very charming nurse she made, I confess to you—was with us during the earlier part of the night, she left long before daylight."

"Transferred to another hospital, I suppose," grunted the disappointed gentleman, wiping his perspiring brow as he spoke. "But would you kindly direct me to her new location, so that I may find her without delay?"

"You will not have an easy task, my dear sir," the surgeon told him, "for Nurse Thompson, at her own expressed wish, in order to get away from Paris, for some reason or other—has been sent to the front."

"Good Heavens! Do you mean, Doctor, that Adelaide—that the poor girl, learning, perhaps, of my arrival in Paris, has been so foolish as to go to the field hospitals, where the danger is so great, the sounds and sights so distressing? Oh, dear me! This is terrible, terrible! What a fool I was not to judge her better than I did! I shall never forgive myself for my seeming harshness. There is nothing for me to do now but to see my friend the ambassador again, and influence him to gain me permission to go to the front also. It is the only way I can prove my keen regret. And I shall not sleep until I find her, poor child!"

"Good luck to your plans then, Mr. Duke!" Boyd could not keep from saying, altho a short time back he would never have dreamed that he could voice such a sentiment. But then circumstances alter cases, and the portly gentleman had evidently "had his fangs drawn," according to Boyd's opinion.

Hearing these words, the other whirled and put on his eyeglasses to stare at the speaker. Apparently he recognized Boyd, for he even looked a trifle pleased, as if hearing "plain American" after wrestling so long with broken and unintelligible French seemed an agreeable change.

"Ah! My companion of the railway ride from Havre!" he observed, and then actually held out a chubby hand toward Boyd, which the other accepted without hesitation, tho only a short time before he would have deemed such an action utterly impossible on his part. "It is queer how we run across each other again. I did not dream that you belonged to the hospital corps, too. You were certainly not in uniform when we rode together, sir."

"That is true, Mr. Duke," replied Boyd, pleasantly, adding: "But I, too, have a strong reason for wishing to get to the front; and my friend here, Dr. Francois La Salle, who was lost with me on an African desert years ago, has impressed me as a chauffeur aboard one of the army ambulances, you see, so that we are just starting off to work along the fighting line."

That caused Mr. Basil Duke suddenly to eye the bronzed-faced young man more closely. Possibly just at that moment he remembered a little incident that had happened aboard the Havre-Paris train, when, turning, he had discovered this same individual staring at a certain photograph dropped from his bill-book—staring at the pretty face on the card as tho entranced.

"See here, my American friend!" he ejaculated, raising his bushy eyebrows in a suggestive manner as he spoke. "Possibly now you happen to be acquainted with our—er, Nurse Thompson?"

Some spirit possessed Boyd to give him a straightforward reply; he was starting off, and would have a good lead of the other, at any rate, so what could it matter?

"Well, sir," he went on to say delib-

(Continued on Page 23.)

Be Careful in Using Soap on Your Hair

Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali, which is very injurious, as it dries the scalp and makes the hair brittle.

The best thing to use is just plain mulsified cocoanut oil, for it is pure and entirely greaseless. It's very cheap, and beats the most expensive soaps or anything else all to pieces. You can get this at any drug store, and a few ounces will last the whole family for months.

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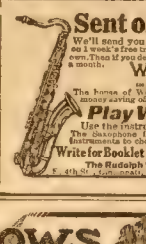

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A Flapper Visits Hicks

By Howard Philip Rhoades

A girl in tights in a barn with a respectable farmer at night, prying neighbors and an unexpected twist make this story unusual and quite heart gripping.

EVER since Abner Salt beat Jed Purdy in a lawsuit Purdy had been trying to get back at his neighbor. A hard man, Purdy had been wrong in the suit, yet he fought it with bitterness, and never had forgiven the man who got the judgment over him. Purdy, was a long, lean man, whose chin and nose, had they been prolonged, would have met and added one more angle to his many. He was constantly trying to direct unfavorable sentiment toward his enemy. He remembered how he smarted when the county weekly ran a half-column about his loss of the suit. It seemed to him if he could make Abner Salt the victim of some great scandal, as he had been, his revenge would be sufficient.

Purdy lived in a dismal house, which never had been given more than a prime coat of paint. Now even that had been soaked or blown away. His wife, a drab and subservient woman, had a dogged face. His sons, never able to get along with the father, had long ago left. A daughter, with a better education than the others, had been virtually driven from home and had gone to the city to become a schoolteacher.

Abner Salt, to whose name Jed Purdy for years had been trying to hang a good piece of scandal, was a fine potential victim. In his obscure way Abner was much like the Americans who face Europe, feeling that all that is good in art, in handicraft, or in culture should come from the Old World. Abner, in this old-fashioned rural community, constantly expressed by word and act his belief in the superiority of things of the city as against things of the country. Abner's constant praise for the metropolitan was widely known, and almost universally condemned. Only those who had pulled up stakes and left this near-puritanic hamlet felt any sympathy for Abner, and, of course, they were not there to defend him.

Once or twice some sharp-tongued neighbor had suggested to Abner that he go to the city and stay there, if he liked it so well. But Abner was not of the hardy stuff of one who dares follow his own predilection. He contented himself with weekly visits to the county seat, ten miles away, where there were an opera house and a couple of saloons, and where the train thundered in three times a day, and, one time in the three, made a stop. The city came close to Abner, at the county seat, it seemed, and he went back to Hicks, inspired, and nearly arrogant.

By some acute economy, which, the neighbor women insisted, was reflected in the fact that Mrs. Salt and the Salt girls had nothing new to wear that spring, Abner Salt bought the first automobile at Hicks. It was a second-hand flivver, in which Abner began making his weekly trips to the county seat, and which was acquired just before the time when Jud Purdy finally achieved his desire, and hung a scandal on Abner. Perhaps news items which he had read in city papers, several of which he took, had led Abner to connect automobiles and liquor. At any rate, one Thursday night, he had taken so much in one of the finest parlors at the county seat that he began to refer to his histrionic attainments, not, of course, regarding his appearances upon the stage, but of his attendance upon and judgment of the stage.

The stage in the county seat, during the early spring in question, meant the appearance of one burlesque show weekly, the town being one of six one-night stands, across the State, which inspired profanity at odd times, upon the lips of many managers, advance agents and actors.

It was this that stood back of the following item, which appeared in the daily published in the county seat: "Mr. Abner Salt, of Hicks, was in this city Thursday night to see 'The High Kickers,' and last Thursday night to see 'The Honeysuckle Girls'. Mr. Salt, who was at Moore's after the show, said he thought the shows this year are more interesting than last, if possible. He said he admired especially what he termed 'the flappers.'"

The papers containing this item of scandalous news went into the homes of half the community, but, to make sure none would miss it, Jud Purdy carried a marked copy, which he avidly displayed everywhere. The staid air of the sanctified little place was whirled into eddies of sensation. Abner was reported "on the sick list." He had not appeared to force the paper to retract the statement, that was sure. What had happened in the bosom of his family was the subject of speculative chuckles.

And then, while the iron of scandal was still red—fairly sprinkling sparks at the mention of Moore's, a low drinking place—there came to Jud Purdy that which made this episode seem like a tallow candle beneath an arc lamp. Purdy stumbled upon an action upon the part of Abner which grasped his breath like a hurricane, and which offered an opportunity for a damnation of Abner in the eyes of the community, the like of which he could not possibly have conceived.

Facing Him Was His Enemy and Beside Him the Form of a Girl Ruthlessly Displayed in Every Curve and Mold—a Girl in Tights!

There was to be a meeting to be addressed by a missionary from the South Seas, who had along a cannibal converted from the safety of human flesh and the liberty of nakedness to the chance of potted meats and the slavery of "hand-me-downs." There were to be, also, motion pictures of the Paris styles, and refreshments. This triple lure went over the place with telling effect, drawing fully 95 per cent of the gross population. But Jud Purdy had neither curiosity nor desire for doughnuts and coffee. He was thinking over something very ominous.

As he walked the floor before his great fireplace, in which yet sung a strong wind, the remnant of an afternoon gale, Jud was worried. That afternoon, late, he had met Pus Gormley, in the road, and a few words spoken by Pus still rang in his ears. Pus—so-called because of a tendency toward obesity—was a near-satellite of Abner's. So far as he dared, Pus upheld Abner in his deviltry, and, in his way, himself had once led a checkered career. It was whispered that he had been tight on hard cider twice at the county fair, and he made no bones about chewing tobacco on Sunday, and saying "damn!" when provoked.

"Yes, I reckon Abner was put out some," Pus admitted, when Jud brought up the inevitable subject, "But shucks, people soon forgets, even in this town."

Perhaps Pus had been talking to Abner. His sentiment seemed to have a mocking superior knowledge. And this is what was worrying Jud. He was fearfully afraid that the scandal would die down and that Abner, made careful by the expose, would never offend again.

He should have liked to brand Abner once and for all as a sinner, so there would be no chance for revenge. Folks at times whispered about Jud, and it was said he was a hypocrite—a man such as would hotly accuse another of just such things as he, himself, might perpetrate.

The door rattled noisily in the sudden gust of wind. Outside in a strange, muffled, moving way, Jud thought he heard a cry. Then it came again less distinct, and again, barely audible. He opened the door, and looked out into the sky, filled with scudding clouds. Bracingly the cool wind came against his face. Something prompted him to close the door, and to walk out into the windy night to meditate. He did not pause to lock the door. He feared nothing in walking forth, for in Hicks there are no intruders by night or by day.

As inexplicably as his choice of the outside for walking, Jud, without definite plan, shaped his way over the hill to a back lane. Perhaps it was because he never cared to go that way by daylight that he took a course which would carry him past the house and barn of Abner Salt. Perhaps it was only because the wind drove that way, and made walking easier. He was on a rise, a hundred yards from Abner's barn, when he stopped short. There was a light in the barn. Abner must be there. Surely his wife and daughters had gone to the missionary meeting.

His eternal desire to pry into the affairs of Abner prompted Jud softly to approach the barn. Before he got near enough to peer thru any of the large chinks, he heard voices. Then, as he pressed close against the barn, peeping thru a crack, he saw something which startled him beyond measure.

There, facing him, with features ruled by inquiry and curiosity, was his enemy, Abner Salt. And beside him, clear in the beams of Abner's lantern—it made Jud's heart bounce nearly out of his body—the form of a girl ruthlessly displayed in every curve and mold—a girl in tights! A girl in pink tinseled fleshings, alone in the barn with Abner, after all that had happened. Jud leaned heavily again the barn, trying to catch his breath. He had an impulse to reach thru the small opening to touch them, and see if it really were true.

They continued to converse. Abner was close to the girl, who did most of the talking. All questions which normally would have come to the mind of Jud Purdy were driven away by one great impulse. Here was the answer to his ever-present question of how to "get" Abner Salt. A moment more, only, Jud looked. Then he sped into the darkness. For his great coup the stage was completely set. He would bring here the more desirable of those attending the missionary meeting, and let them see Abner's infamy!

To complete his luck, Jud found, at the meeting-place, that the speaking was over, and folks were mingling in a social way. Close to the door, entering upon his true function of the evening, the consumption of refreshments, Jud found Pus Gormley. He quickly commissioned Pus to help pass the word to a chosen few scandal mongers, who were to quietly slip outside. Once Jud had imparted the thrilling sight he had in store for them, he hardly could keep up with the crowd on the way to Abner Salt's barn.

Fears that the light would be gone were dispelled. It was still there. A few yards from the barn he marshaled the crowd, and then, after a warning as to silence, they approached on tiptoe. Jud glanced in. Abner and the girl were still there. Jud, all a-flutter moved from one to another of the silent, scandalized watchers, now whispering a vehement phrase, now finding a more advantageous position for one who could not see well. But he who saw least saw enough. For there were the straight back, the slender limbs, the brown hair of the girl, and facing her—and consequently them—was their neighbor, Abner Salt.

For perhaps half a moment the dozen pairs of eyes played upon the couple in the barn. Then, as Abner said something and moved, as if to leave by a door on the other side, Jud prepared to play his master card. Daring almost to speak aloud, he said to the watchers, in a tone of promise, "Now watch!"

Quickly circling the barn, Jud reached the door on the other side, thru which they were about to leave. Jerking it open, he faced them boldly. Before they could recover, he demanded in a loud voice, "So, Abner Salt—right under our noses!"

Simultaneously there was a sound of gasps. Abner, seeming vaguely to sense the presence of other watchers, gave his oil lantern a jerk and there was darkness. Out thru the door of the barn came the three, amid a disjointed series of exclamations. When the watchers from the other side reached the door, they saw three shadows flitting away toward Abner Salt's house. The scandal brigade followed. They did not stop until they reached the kitchen door, a moment after it was slammed upon them.

They could hear movements in the house, and then, presently, there was a light upstairs. But the blinds were drawn. Circle the house as they might, they could see nothing. After a consultation, one of the more courageous ventured, "Wal, I s'pose Jud wanted us to see, or he wouldn't have called."

Acting upon this sentiment, he approached the kitchen door and knocked. There were steps, and then a light shone. Abner opened the door.

"Well?" he inquired very brusquely.

"Where—who is she?" stammered the man who had knocked, rather surprised by Abner's vigor.

Abner assumed an easy look of defiance, certainly a change from the way he had been reported to look since the first scandal. "She's a friend of mine who just dropped in," he bantered.

"Come, Abner!" It was a deacon. "That don't explain."

"Explain?" asked Ab[illegible] the accumulated contempt [illegible] in his tones. "Could anybody explain to such a [illegible]ch as you? Why don't you spend a nickel and go to a p[illegible] show? No, that would break you—spend a cent and get a city paper! If you weren't enjoying a living death in this dump, you could guess. But you wouldn't believe me if I told you. So why tell?"

"Come on, Ab, tell us," begged a curious one.

"Well," said Abner [illegible] you to understand, but here goes. In the city they do lots of things [illegible] sell gold bricks to the likes of you. For instance, a real-estate firm hired a girl to go out to their new addition every afternoon this week, and make a parachute drop to advertise the place. Did you expect her to do it dressed up in petticoats? There was a gale today—maybe you noticed that. Now, this girl ain't got no cellar full of potatoes or barnyard of cows to stall off the high cost of living. She's got to jump out of that balloon, if she wants to eat. So she don't listen to warnings, and up she goes. Something goes wrong, and she's blowed over a hundred miles in these last four hours. She lands here

nearly scared to death and about all in. I'm in the barn with a lantern, and she sees the light and walks in. Awful devilish, hey?"

There was a hum of astonishment, even disappointment, and Abner went on: "What she needs is clothes and a meal. I told her to take what she needs from my women folks' stuff. That's what she's doing now, and Jud and I are fixing her a couple of sandwiches, if you leave us alone. We've got fifteen minutes to drive her over so she can get the 9 o'clock traction for town.'

"But, Abner——" somebody started.

The question was interrupted by the appearance of Jud Purdy, who stepped into the door beside Abner. There was a strange look about Jud. A great share of the fire seemed taken out of him, and he no longer was filled with virulence and spleen against his old enemy. With an attitude as near apology as could be expected of him, he said:

"Folks, I'm sorry I brought you over here on a wild-goose chase, 'cause I was mistaken. What Abner told you is true, and he's a better man than we ever thought him. I, for one, am ready to forget all I ever said about him. His intentions is honorable, and we ought to overlook anything he's done."

He stopped a moment, and then, finding no expression from the wondering crowd, went on: "I've been talking to this little girl, and she, and such as her generally, is more to be pitied than blamed. She's had an unfortunate marriage with a fellow who got her into the theater business, and when he left her, she found she could make more money, to support the little kid she's got, by this balloon jumping. It's our place to give her what help we can, and start her home."

He ended this talk in tones different from any his neighbors ever had heard him use. Then he said, "Abner, I guess she's ready to go."

Abner pushed out thru the crowd, followed by Jud, and a calico-clad figure, with a misshapen hat—a country woman's effort at city styles—and a thick veil, which she had managed to find. The crowd caught its first inkling that women who make a living by publicly exhibiting themselves partly clad may, in private life, possess delicacy.

The girl and Jud got into the back seat. Abner officiated at the starter. Then, as he took his place at the wheel, he looked again, nearly with pity, at the timorous little crowd, which was watching them off. He saw only one figure there which did not disgust him. It was that of his near-satellite, Pus.

"Want to ride over, Pus?" he invited. Pus indicated his willingness by moving quickly for a fat man. There was a noisy fume, and the frail, mud-bespattered car wheezed away.

On the way back they stopped at Jud Purdy's, and Abner bade him good night. Then Abner's little car puffed away toward his house, still carrying Pus as guest.

"I'd have bought a drink over to town," explained Abner to Pus, when the car was put away in its shed. "But I couldn't for Jud being along. He's like the rest of them around here. But come over to the icehouse. I've got something."

He led the way to a building where, in the idle winter days when the creek was frozen over, he packed in sawdust a supply of ice. From a secret place, between two chunks, he drew out two bottles of beer.

"This ain't like they home-make over in the Dutch settlement, either," explained Abner. "You've got to send to a city for real beer, Pus."

Pus gulped eagerly, to show his appreciation of the confidence of this metropolitan man. After the liquor had warmed him, and stirred new thoughts and impulses, he said:

"Old Jud ain't such a bad feller, after all, to tell them folks it wasn't no show actress you was with, and say he forgived you. No, sir, he ain't such a bad ol' feller, after all."

Abner had drained his bottle, and was making ready to give it a long sling into the bramble and weed patch, where it would be safe forever from deacons and neighbors. He carefully fixed it in his hand, and measured the cast. Then he suddenly turned on Pus and said:

"No, he's not so bad, Pus, yet not so good." He gave a gasp as he shot the bottle fifty yards into the dry weeds. "Not so good, Pus—remember, this goes no further—when you consider that the girl he sent back to the city, instead of helping, is his daughter, who went away to be a schoolteacher, only didn't."

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His Red Cross Sweetheart.

(Continued From Page 21.)

erately, "I had the glorious privilege of jumping overboard when our vessel was torpedoed by a submarine, and assisting the charming nurse to keep afloat. Then, later on, I found a floating boat, and in that we were companions for many hours, until finally rescued in the morning by a French destroyer, on which we came to Havre. And I certainly hope to see Nurse Thompson again, sir; which is the main reason why you find me wearing these garments with the Red Cross badge on my sleeve. Good day, Mr. Duke. We may meet again some time in the future. Doctor, until I return you will have to hold your curiosity in check; but I promise that you will hear everything."

With these last words, giving the astounded, red-faced gentleman another suggestive smile, Boyd started his car, and followed after the other three already speeding along the street, bound for the front.

He was feeling particularly well pleased with the trend of events. With the suspected husband eliminated, things looked most agreeable to him. Only when it was too late he wished that he had thought of it in time, and had the assurance to ask Mr. Basil Duke for the loan of that delightful little photograph of Nurse Thompson in the guise of a society girl, a role she seemed eminently fitted to fill in the bargain. But then he hoped to be talking with the original before many hours had elapsed, so this consoled him.

As if in sympathy with his exalted feelings, the weather changed greatly for the better, the sun coming out and all Nature taking on a bright aspect. He even hummed a fragment of a jolly operatic air as he boomed along, after leaving the war-saddened French capital far behind. He also joked with the companion who shared the seat with him—a man who had made many such trips back and forth.

The roads were very good at first, for of course nothing had happened to injure them, since the advance of the German host had been stayed before they arrived close to Paris.

"Wait until you see what we have to meet before deciding it an easy ride," the other attendant said to him in French, when Boyd chanced to make some remark concerning the condition of the route over which they were passing.

The young American realized that thus far he had hardly begun to tap the tree of knowledge. Later on, when he was well within the zone of fighting, with the roar of the monster howitzers and guns deafening his ears, and all the thrilling sights of battle around him, he expected that he would pass thru an experience beside which all previous adventures must sink into absolute insignificance.

Then he fell silent for a while. It was not, however, because they were meeting strings of ambulances and motor-trucks, each of which bore soldiers, who, tho wounded more or less severely, always waved their hands to the drivers of the empties that were heading toward the front. The fact of the matter was that Boyd had remembered that she—the girl who had taken such a tremendous hold upon his heart—was somewhere off there; and that before he could find her she would be in the midst of all those terrible scenes, subject to sudden death. He had been told by his companion that even the presence of that sacred Red Cross banner, waving over a section of the territory back of the fighting front, did not always insure its safety from the falling shells of the enemy; and many nurses as well as surgeons had paid for their humanity with their lives.

Thru still more adventures Boyd heanedy follows the path that leads him to where the woman he loved is to be found and so to the conclusion of this absorbing tale.

Wasted Money.

IT HAPPENED during one of the London air raids at a place not specified in the newspaper reports. Isaacstein, just emerging from a chemist's shop, got in the way of the explosion, and when he recovered in the hospital found that both his feet had been amputated.

"Just my luck!" he grumbled. "And I had just bought a dime's worth of corn plaster."

Lincoln Inspired Him.

IN AN article in the American Magazine called "What I Have Learned From Abe' Lincoln" a writer tells of how once when he was discouraged he got inspiration from Lincoln's picture. He says:

"I got up and walked across and looked straight into his eyes and said:

"'If you could get away with it, Abe, with your physical handicap, I'll be darned if I don't believe I can, too. If you could win out against Seward, I'm going to beat Stevens or die in the attempt. You're my household god from now on; you've got to pull for me. I'm going to feel from now on that you're behind me, doing your darndest to help another fellow win out.'

"And it almost seemed to me, at the moment, as tho good old Abe were trying to smile.

"Next day I bought two or three books about Lincoln and began to study him. I discovered that what I had surmised about the impression he made, on first meeting, was more than true. When it came to looking less good than he really was Lincoln had me beaten forty ways from Sunday.

"In that first Cabinet of his the three most important men each secretly regarded him as a well-meaning incompetent. And each of the three made up his mind that if the country was to be saved he must do it, because simple Abe never could.

"'I have advised Mr. L. that I will not decline,' wrote Seward to his wife when Lincoln had offered him the post of Secretary of State. 'It is inevitable. I will try to save freedom and my country.'"

Safety First.

THE teacher was trying to convey an idea of devotion to the members of her class.

"Now, suppose," she said, "a man working on the river bank suddenly fell in. He could not swim and would be in danger of drowning. Picture the scene. The man's sudden fall, the cry for help, his wife knows his peril, and hearing his screams, rushes immediately to the bank. Why does she rush to the bank?"

Whereupon a boy in the rear exclaimed: "Why, to draw his insurance money."

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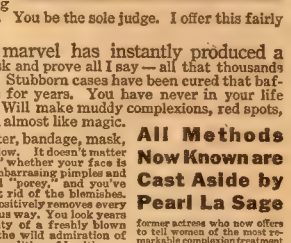

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Fifty Thousand Dollars' Reward

By Capt. Jack Judson

The Story's Story.

HARLEY DANE, a boy railroad ticket agent, while selling passage to a man with an index finger from which the first joint was cut, believes he has spotted a noted criminal. Harley has seen the offer of a reward of $50,000 for the apprehension of the perpetrators of a recent half-million-dollar robbery. The description of the chief robber says he has a short index finger on the right hand. Harley resigns his position, and resolves to win the huge reward. The suspected man has bought a ticket to Pemaquid, an obscure lumbering town up near the Canadian border. Harley has spent a winter in that wild region with an uncle, now dead, and to Pemaquid he goes. The first night after his arrival in the rough place, he is pulled out from under the feet of a fighting mob of toughs in a barroom by old Luke Grayson, a trapper, with whom Harley had earlier formed a friendship. The two come to an understanding about "Short-Fingered" Merriman and his gang. Old Grayson believes they are in the region, but later he finds that the robbers have gone to Dead Man's Hollow, a still more obscure and disreputable settlement, some distance away. Harley and old Grayson go to Dead Man's Hollow, near which place Grayson has a line of traps. Harley goes to board at a sort of hotel, kept by a man named Marshall. The place is really the headquarters of the robber gang. Marshall has a niece, a young girl who waits on table and keeps house for him. She has come to believe her uncle a criminal. Harley makes friends with her. Suddenly dangers thicken. The robbers suspect Harley of being on their track.

You can go on with the story from here. If you want the first part in full, back copies of the Ledger may be obtained from news dealers, our agents or direct by mail from the office of publication. The story began in No. 5, February 2.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE DANGER LINE.

WHEN Luke Grayson, the trapper, told the young station agent that he believed he had seen the man with the crippled finger, it seemed to Harley that a thrill passed thru every fiber of his frame. But when he went on, and more than intimated that this man was connected with a gang of outcasts who were powerful about Dead Man's Hollow, his countenance fell. Still, for all this, he did not intend to give up the mission which had brought him so far from Colton. The great reward for the arrest of the robber who had stolen the half-million in money and jewels spurred him on, and he told Luke that he would not go back.

The other information that Marshall was at the head of the band known as Freedom's Defenders was by no means pleasant, but Harley resolved not to believe that Alice, the girl, was in any way connected with the outlaws.

The time came when Grayson set out to establish his trap line, and Harley by invitation accompanied him. It was a long tramp thru the snowy forests and along the streams, but the boy stood the test like a seasoned veteran.

In the midst of the white woods stood a deserted cabin which Luke had erected some years before, and they took possession of it.

"Now," said the trapper, "you stay here a while and keep house. I'm goin' out after a deer."

Up to this time they had seen no one on the trap lines, but the trapper said it would not be long before his compatriots would put in an appearance and the woods would see considerable human life.

Harley began to make himself as comfortable as possible. A rousing fire was built in one part of the cabin and the room soon glowed with warmth. The short day waned and the cold night began to settle down. Harley recalled the face he had seen at the window in Pemaquid, and the mystery was still unsolved.

Whenever he looked out of the one window he saw the glistening snow. Now and then there came to his ears the long cry of the prowling wolf, but he had heard it before and took but little note of it. Darker and darker grew the night and Luke did not return. All at once a voice was heard at the little door, and Harley went forward and laid his hand on the stout barricade.

The voice was not Grayson's and this rendered him careful, not to say suspicious.

"Who's there?" he challenged.

"Me," was the reply.

"But who is 'me'?"

"Jim Tonkaway."

"What do you want?"

"Just a little heat, boy."

Harley hesitated. He knew that Tonkaway was a half-breed, but Luke had warned him to be careful of this kind of man, and he drew back with a shake of the head.

"I'm cold and I want to warm," continued the voice outside. "Me no hurt you, boy."

"Wait till Luke comes back."

"I've got a good supper for you."

"Luke will soon be here with a supper," Harley answered. "He ought to be here now."

"Ugh! Luke no come for a long time."

"How do you know?"

"Me see him and he said so."

Harley went back to the door and took down the barricade. He remembered that he had a revolver handy, and he would watch the half-breed with the cunning of a fox. In another moment Tonkaway was inside, shaking the snow from his half-civilized garb and looking at Harley with evident curiosity.

Tonkaway was a good-looking sort of man; honesty seemed to gleam in his

"Yes, with Luke."

"Luke big trapper," commented Tonkaway. "Him know where the game is."

"There are no better woodsmen than Luke Grayson."

"Just so, boy."

All at once the pleasant look vanished from Tonkaway's eyes, and he was scowling at the boy from Colton.

"What you got there in your pocket?" he demanded.

Harley drew back. His hand was gripping the butt of the revolver. He did not speak. In another moment the half-breed was on his feet.

"Hand me the gun!" he commanded in a voice that went thru Harley like a knife.

The young station agent saw that he was trapped. Tonkaway was not his friend, and he had committed a fault by

Harley Dane Tottered Back.

... and this suddenly disarmed Harley's suspicion. The half-breed went over to the fire and took a seat on a ... log stool. Harley watched him narrowly in the light of the fire and saw that he was unarmed, which was strange for a half-breed. For some minutes the man remained silent, then he suddenly looked at the boy.

"What you come up here for?" he asked.

"For a little recreation," answered Harley, resolving to keep to himself the secret of his mission.

"You been here before?"

"Yes; I know these woods pretty well."

"Bad men here."

"You find them everywhere," replied the boy.

"Ugh, boy right," and a smile meandered over the half-breed's swarthy face.

"You come from Pemaquid with Grayson, eh?"

letting him in the cabin. It was too late now to repair the mistake.

"Give up gun, I say," repeated the half-breed, with ... "Me want it."

"I will not!"

The weapon seemed to leap from the boy's pocket.

"Me have it!" roared the half-breed, and instantly he came forward with a panthersh spring, and before Harley could cover him he was seized by the throat and held off at arm's length. The revolver was torn from his hand and went flying to one end of the room.

"Boy can't beat Tonkaway!" laughed the half-breed. "Him show him that he no match for me!"

Harley, glaring at the rascal, hurled defiance into his teeth. "Just wait till Luke comes," he said. "I'm not afraid of you, Tonkaway, and——"

"Boy brave, but no good," was the retort. "Me heard of you before. Now boy must come along with Tonkaway!"

"With you?" echoed Harley, as his blood seemed to congeal. "I am not going to be taken away."

"No? Tonkaway show boy."

For a moment the man's grip was loosened, for one hand dived into the pocket of his hunting coat. The boy saw his chance. Exerting all his strength, he wrenched himself loose, and with a cry sprang after the revolver.

Tonkaway was quick, as all people of his ilk are, but the boy was quicker. The revolver was snatched from the floor, and the next moment the half-breed was looking into the blue steel barrel. He was growling like a wolf.

"Get out!" thundered Harley. "You have unmasked yourself by your action. Go, I say!"

But Tonkaway stood his ground, looking more vicious every second, and Harley's finger was actually pressing the trigger.

"Tonkaway just fooling," he suddenly laughed. "Him only trying to test Grayson's boy."

"You lie!" flashed Harley. "You came here for a purpose, and I was a fool to let you inside."

"Ugh! Boy brave!"

"Go! I give you only one minute to pass that door. If you are here at the end of sixty seconds I'll put a bullet thru your head!"

It was a desperate moment, and Harley Dane saw that his life was at stake. In spite of the threat, Tonkaway deliberately set one foot forward, while Harley knew meant a leap, and then, shutting his lips hard, he pressed the trigger.

The loud report filled the cabin; the half-breed reeled backward and fell near the door. Holding the smoking weapon in his hand, the breathless boy leaned forward and looked.

Suddenly the half-breed sprang to his feet. In another instant he was at the door. One of his hands jerked it open and then, with a cry which would have done credit to a fiend, he bounded out into the night and was gone.

Harley barricaded the heavy portal and went back to the fire in a quiver.

CHAPTER V.

HARLEY FINDS A FRIEND.

WHEN Luke Grayson returned to the cabin with a deer, Harley's first thought was to relate his exciting adventure with the half-breed. The trapper listened without comment till the boy had concluded.

"I'm not goin' to blame you for lettin' the rascal in," he said. "He deceived you. He belongs to the evil gang that rules this forest region. I don't think he will come back soon after his reception, but we'll keep an eye on him all the same."

"I'm really glad I didn't kill him," responded the boy. "If I had taken better aim he might be lying in the cabin dead."

"And it would have been good riddance! Then Grayson trailed off into an account of his deer hunt.

"I made a little discovery," said he, at the end of his narrative.

"Indeed?"

"The man with the crippled finger has gone away."

Harley started. "Is he going to lead me another chase?" he exclaimed.

"I don't think so," said Luke. "He won't be gone long. They have planted their booty somewhere, the rascals have, for the man you call Grant Merriman didn't do all the robbery himself."

"That is what the papers intimated."

"I'm convinced that Tom Marshall knows a good deal about the theft. If you could get on the good side of the girl, Alice——"

"I think I might do that," interrupted Harley.

"But you must be careful. If Marshall suspects, your life in Dead Man's Hollow won't be worth the snuffin' of a candle."

"You are sure he is the head of Freedom's Defenders——"

"As sure as that I'm living," was the confident reply.

"What do you want me to get out of the girl?" asked Harley.

"Try to find out who Merriman really is. She has ears and no doubt has overheard things at the hotel.

"I'll try," said the boy, "and will be as cautious as possible."

The next day the young station agent sauntered into Marshall's place and was met by Alice. The girl received him with smiles, but her color soon fled and Harley perceived an anxious look in her eyes.

"Uncle Tom is not at home," said Alice, "and I am keeping house for the present."

"Isn't this a lonely life?" asked Harley, who was anxious to come to the real business of his visit.

"Of course it is lonely. One is shut off from the world here, and the people who inhabit Dead Man's Hollow aren't of the best. All of them are not ex-

pected to be gentlemen," observed the girl.

"Of course not. They come and go, don't they?"

"All the time."

"And those who come bring you news from the outside world, and newspapers, too?"

"Yes. Let me show you something."

Alice crossed the room and took from a little stand a paper which she brought to the youth.

"All the bad men are not here," she went on, opening the sheet and showing Harley the headlines of the account of the very crime which had brought him to Dead Man's Hollow.

The boy pretended that the matter was news to him and seemed to read it carefully.

"I wonder what has become of the thieves?" said he, looking up into the girl's face."

Instead of answering him she went to the door and looked out upon the white street. When she came back she put her finger to her lips.

"I believe I know something about that robbery," she said.

Harley Dane started and could hardly control his nerves. "What, you?" he cried. "How could you know anything about it, away up here near the British border?"

"It's curious, I know," she smiled. "Last night I just couldn't sleep. I tossed in bed listening to the winds and other things."

"Other things?"

"Yes. Did you have trouble last night?"

"I had a visitor," fenced Harley. "Jim Tonkaway, wasn't it?"

"Yes. How did you know?"

"He was here, in the room next to mine."

"What brought him to your uncle's?"

"Black business, of course. Tonkaway isn't satisfied unless he is engaged in dirty work."

Harley remained silent, confident that he was on the edge of a secret.

"You're in danger, Jack!" suddenly said the girl, laying her hand on the boy's arm. "If I were you I'd go back to Pemaquid as soon as possible."

"How am I in danger?"

"You are suspected," she went on. "I heard enough last night in this very house."

"Between whom?"

"Between Tonkaway, my uncle and another man."

"Who was the third man?"

"One of the late arrivals. I don't know his name, because I never heard it. He was here when Tonkaway came."

"Then the house is a sort of rendezvous?"

"That's just what it is," replied Alice, with emphasis. "The half-breed went to your cabin for a foul purpose. Who sent him there I don't know. He reported his failure to Uncle Tom and the other man."

"If I had shot straighter there would have been no report from Jim Tonkaway!" said Harley, in a tone of regret.

"It's a pity you didn't rid the earth of that scoundrel."

"Maybe I'll get another chance."

"You must go away, I say. It may be death for you to remain. Grayson may not be able to protect you."

"I guess I'll stay," and Harley's teeth seemed to snap behind the last word.

A moment later he went on, as the girl did not speak. " Do you think the man who was here last night knows something about the robbery?"

"I think he does."

"Then they've got the booty hidden somewhere in this locality."

"I don't know about that. Why can't you give me advice and go back?"

Harley thought rapidly for a minute. He resolved to make a confidante of the girl, for he was sure now that she could be trusted.

"I'm going to tell you why," said he, moving his chair closer to Alice. "My name is not Jack Deaton. It is Harley Dane, and I have come four hundred miles after the man who, I believe, is concerned in that big robbery. The newspapers mentioned one Grant Merriman, and added that he has a crippled finger."

"That is just what the man has who was here last night!" exclaimed the girl. "Then I've found him!"

A faint smile for a second drove away the anxiety visible on Alice's face. She was about to resume when the door opened and Marshall entered, shaking some fresh snow from his garments. The moment he saw Harley a scowl came over his face, but it vanished quickly.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, in pleasant tones. "Glad to see you, boy. It's another rough night outside."

"More snow, eh?"

"Lots of it. There won't be a trail left by morning."

Then Marshall proceeded to the fire, where he began to warm his hands. Once or twice he glanced over his broad shoulders at Harley, and then bestowed a questioning look upon his niece. The girl took the hint and withdrew.

"I say," said Marshall, coming over to where the boy sat, "how long are you going to remain here?"

Harley's heart seemed to leap into his throat, but he quickly braced himself and returned Marshall's glowering look with consummate coolness.

"I've come out to have a little trapping experience with old Luke," said he.

"Oh, is that all?"

Harley nodded. "We are going out on the trap line tomorrow. Luke has a cabin there, you know."

Marshall seemed nonplused for a moment. "If I were you I'd dig out for Pemaquid," he said directly. "This is not a very good school for boys."

"But I can't desert Luke."

"Look here!" almost roared Marshall, his face reddening. "They are onto you. If you don't go back you'll have a white blanket before long."

Harley did not speak. Marshall had unmasked himself.

CHAPTER VI

A DASTARDLY CRIME.

IT WAS the night after Harley's interview with Tom Marshall, and in a hut a few miles from Dead Man's Hollow three men sat about a blazing fire. The air without was cold, and the wind swept dismally thru the giant pines whose branches bent beneath their weight of snow.

The trio did not look much like trappers, altho they wore the trapper's garb. It was evident that they had but lately come into the wild upper country, for they had about them certain airs which spoke of life where there were no trap lines and no Indians and half-breeds.

One of these men was talking in low tones, with every word carefully measured before it left his lips. "We're not going to leave here yet," said he, looking at his companions. "Don't you think it, boys. I haven't come into this Godforsaken country to be driven out by a boy."

"Not for a moment, Hardy," was the reply from one of the others. "I don't see how the youngster caught on."

"Neither do I- for certain, but he's caught on all right."

"It seems so from what you say."

"Marshall is all right. He will give the boy fair warning, and if the kid has any sense he will pull out before it is too late."

There was savagery in the man's voice, and his eyes took on a ferocious gleam as he talked.

"Thank fortune, we won't be here long," the third man put in at this juncture. "We can soon change our quarters and——"

"Go elsewhere and live like gentlemen, eh?"

"Exactly. Grayson is getting meddlesome, and it was he who brought the boy up here."

"We'll attend to Grayson, too, while we're at it!"

A gust of wind shook the door of the hut, and the men drew nearer to the fire.

"I wonder," said Hardy, suddenly, "if the cabin on the creek is inhabited tonight?"

"Perhaps. The boy told Marshall that he was coming in and by now, no doubt, he is there."

"And Grayson with him?"

"Perhaps."

Yes, the cabin on the creek was inhabited at that very hour, for it was tenanted by Harley and Grayson.

"There's no doubt that we've located the man with the crippled finger," the trapper was saying. "He's here with his pals, and where the vultures are the spoil is there also."

"Do you think, Luke, that they've brought all the booty into these parts?" queried the boy.

"It's quite likely," was the reply. "They will remain here till the affair blows over, and then they'll go back and live like lords. That's the game, as sure as you're livin', Jack."

"I believe it. We can trust the girl, don't you think?"

"I think so. She's tired of Marshall, for I don't believe he is very good to her. Jim Tonkaway, the half-breed, is their spy, and I now believe it was his face you saw at the window of Mrs. Dolby's house in Pemaquid."

"I've come to that conclusion myself."

"After this I'm not goin' to leave you alone in these parts. When I go out on the trap line, which will be tomorrow, I'll take you along."

"All right," said the youth.

The next day Grayson and his young companion left the cabin and started out on the trap line.

The snow had hardened somewhat, and their snowshoes came in good play. They

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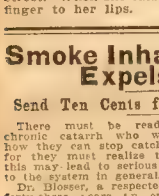

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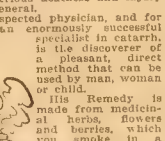

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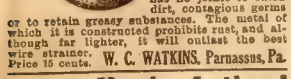

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glided over the glistening surface and were soon on the line.

Harley could not help thinking about his last adventure—the warning of Marshall, accompanied by the words which he had heard from Alice's lips. There was no doubt that he was more than suspected by his enemy, who was the man for whom he had left Colton some time before. He knew he was dealing with a desperate lot of criminals—that they would not hesitate to clear their way by the most cruel means, and therefore he must not abate his vigilance for a moment.

He had not yet thought how he was to get the man with the maimed finger into the clutches of the law, even if he should be lucky enough to arrest him, for there was no law in the wild forests; but he knew he could count on Grayson's assistance. Not only was he anxious to get Grant Merriman, but he wanted to recover the booty of great value. The task was a tremendous one, and he felt that it would require the greatest bravery and ingenuity to accomplish his purposes.

He and Grayson had scarcely reached the trapping grounds when the wintry skies darkened and a snowstorm swept howling thru the timber. So dense did the snow become that in a little while they could barely see their hands before their faces, and they were compelled to turn their backs to the awful blast.

"This beats anything I ever saw in these parts," commented Grayson, with a savage grunt. "Old winter is havin' his innin' just now, and——"

"What was that, Luke?" interrupted Harley.

"A wolf that has been caught in the storm."

Grayson was listening with a hand against his ear, and there was an intent expression on his face.

"He must be right over there," continued Grayson, pointing to the left. "And I'd like to have his skin."

"But the snow is so dense."

"Look here! You get on the other side of this tree, and I'll take a little hunt for his wolfship."

Harley, who was armed with a repeating rifle in addition to the revolver which he had brought from Colton, did as Grayson desired, and then he saw his companion gradually disappear.

Hugging the friendly trunk, he waited anxiously for his companion's return. Moments seemed hours while he waited for the crack of Grayson's rifle, but it did not come.

All at once the wind ceased, but the snow continued to fall. The skies did not lighten and the forest wore a grayish aspect, which sat hard upon the nerves of the observer. Harley was looking in the direction which Grayson had taken when he descried an object which caused him to rejoice.

"Luke's coming back," he thought. "The old man has missed his wolf."

In another moment the figure vanished, and where he had seen it there was nothing but the dismal stretch of the wildwood

"I wonder if it was really Luke?" the boy said aloud. "He should have been here by this time——"

His sentence was broken by something that appeared for a second and then vanished again.

"Maybe it wasn't the old fellow, after all."

Harley cocked his rifle and leaned forward. Every sense was on the alert and his nerves were steel now. He no longer saw the falling snow nor heard the soughing of the pines. He suddenly raised his weapon as a dark object sprang into his line of vision and stopped.

It was a huge gray wolf, and the animal was gazing about him with a hunted air. Harley saw the long body and the hideous head. He thought he could distinguish the mad eyes as they snapped fire after the manner of this hungry species.

"I'll bag the old fellow myself and beat Luke out of a prize," went thru his mind, as he smiled. "He'll give me credit for being a good marksman and won't get jealous, I'm sure."

In another minute the wolf trotted forward, coming nearer the boy, and Harley's rifle was pressed against his shoulder. He was waiting for the animal to stop again, so as to give him a perfect shot, for now he was fairly in range. The wolf did stop, and Harley touched the trigger with more than boyish eagerness. At the report of the weapon the huge figure gave a sharp cry and leaped into the air, but as suddenly he got upon his feet and began to drag himself away.

"I'll finish him!" cried the boy. "He's not going to get away so easily."

Harley bounded after the wounded animal, intent upon finishing his conquest.

"Now I have him!" he ejaculated, stopping suddenly and raising his trusty rifle.

At that very instant the white wood rang with the sharp report of another rifle, and Harley Dane tottered back with a cry, dropping his weapon and falling in the snow at the foot of a lightning-shivered pine!

Some distance away stood a man with a smoking rifle in his hand, and his vengeful eyes were fastened upon the human object that lay in the snow.

"What a fool he was!" hissed the man. "He might have known better!" And then he tramped away and was soon out of sight among the trees.

Who shot Harley Dane? The would-be slayer, foiled this time, comes back and—— But we won't spoil the story for you, but let you read it for yourself in next week's Ledger.

Near the Eats.

"THE trouble with these apartment houses," observed Trickler, "is that you are too near the kitchen all the time."

"Now, there's where you're wrong," said DeBate. "The nearer the kitchen you are the better. The kitchen is the thing. It is the source of the eats.

"How well I remember the Dimickys! They lived out in the country, and Dimicky and Mrs. Dimicky saw in the Farmer's Home Advice Giver that a big house was the thing on a farm! A big Colonial house!

"The Dimickys had plenty of money, so they built a big house, large veranda all the way around, high ceilings, winding stairs—a most impressively grand house.

"One of the rooms at the front of the house was a living-room. It was used as such for a while. Dimicky read his paper in there.

"Away back in an obscure corner of the mansion was the kitchen. Finally Dimicky said: 'I'm not going to read my paper away off in that parlorish place. It reminds me of an art gallery or a mosque. There is a chaste coolness about it. I am not at home there.'

"So they closed up that room, and Dimicky read in the next to the front room for a while. A little later he sneaked back into the dining-room to read. Finally he reached real comfort out in the kitchen, away at the back.

"And the beautiful Colonial veranda—theoretically a person could sit there in happy splendor. But one never could tell how dinner was progressing from there, and old Dimicky gradually moved from the front veranda around to the side, and before the summer was very far advanced he was to be seen sitting on the woodpile. From there he could smell the cooking and watch the progress of meals.

"Yes, sir! It was the kitchen for him in the winter, and the woodpile in the summer, as near the kitchen as he could get.

"Mrs. Dimicky did not think that a man's place was the kitchen, so she abandoned her principal kitchen to Dimicky and built a secondary kitchen back of the original one. The old man took possession of that in time, so she had a portion of the woodshed finished off for still another kitchen. Nevertheless the old man followed her. By that time they had absolutely no need of the front part of the house.

"Did you ever notice how hard it is to keep kids out of the kitchen? They know where the real life is! Did you ever watch a woman making a cherry pie, or basting a nice brown roast? Did you ever smell a pie as it came out of the oven?

"Now these modern apartments are cunningly contrived so that a man is never very far from the source of the eats. The fact is conducive to real happiness, my friend."

The Paragon.

"THIS applicant, gentlemen," began the chairman of the education committee, who was considering the appointment of a new headmaster, "states that he is a splendid disciplinarian, can converse fluently in five languages, has won upward of a hundred medals and certificates and has been praised by several Government inspectors as an ideal schoolmaster. There is, however, one drawback to his application. Our rules require that the children should be taught singing and he admits that he does not know one note of music from another."

A vigorous discussion followed, some favoring the application and others going against it, but the argument was finally brought to a close by the quietest member of the committee, who dryly interposed:

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: Do not let us deprive ourselves of the services of this paragon for such a trifling obstacle. If he cannot teach the boys to sing, let him teach them to play the trumpet. He blows his own remarkably well."

After this bit of sarcasm the paragon was passed over in favor of a more modest applicant.

So Relieved.

MRS. NEWLYWED had her first venture at cooking dinner in her new home, which passed successfully, and they sat in silence at the opposite ends of the table, wondering at the novelty of it all and gazing at each other.

"Honestly, honestly—on your word of honor—did you like it, darling?" she asked, finally.

"Never enjoyed anything so much in my life," he said, and swallowed a lump.

"Everything—everything from soup to pudding?"

"Every mouthful from soup to pudding," he said, bravely.

"Oh, I'm so relieved then," she said, as a huge sigh escaped her. "You see, I forgot to order the sirup for the sauce for the pudding, and I had to have something; so I took your cough sirup, and I was so afraid you'd taste it!"

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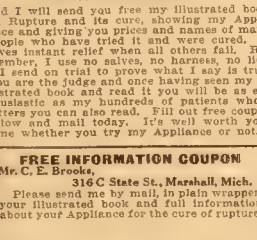

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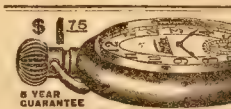

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Who Sent It?

A Valentine Story for Little Ones

"I HATE brothers!" cried little Phoebe, scowling, glaring over her cocoa cup with flashing eyes and flushed cheeks at a boy of 9. The boy was pulling on his mother's chair for her and sullenly avoiding his sister's look.

Phoebe and Peter had quarreled seriously that morning. The children often quarreled, altho they really loved each other very much. A month before, Peter had sprained his ankle while skating, and then Phoebe was the best little nurse that any sister could be; and when she went away to see her grandmother, Peter could hardly wait for her return home.

Now, however, as they sat at luncheon, they did not look as tho they enjoyed being together. There was a pause.

Phoebe turned away from Peter and said:

"Mother, when is St. Valentine's day this year?"

"It is always on the 14th, that will be next Monday, will it not?" answered her mother.

"Next Monday—and today is Wednesday. Oh, I do hope I will get a real valentine this year!" cried little Phoebe, excitedly. "I mean those that are made by some of the children who paint or write them all by themselves. Perhaps I will get a real one this year!"

The quarrel between Peter and Phoebe made the week miserable for them both. Neither would speak until the other had begged pardon, and both were too proud to admit being in fault.

St. Valentine's day seemed to them slow in coming, but by Sunday Phoebe was quite tired of the quarrel, and Peter felt as if he could not bear it any longer.

"It was all my fault," he thought, on his way upstairs after lunch. "If I could only show her that I am sorry without speaking. I know what I will do!" he exclaimed suddenly; and he ran up the stairs to his own room.

That evening from the nursery window, Phoebe saw Peter run down to the mail box at the corner of the block.

At supper he looked quite cheerful, but said nothing, as usual.

The next morning Phoebe went down to breakfast feeling very unhappy about the quarrel, but unable to make it up. "Since he will not ask my pardon when it was really his fault, why should I try to make it up? We shall just go on quarreling and perhaps never speak to each other again for ever and ever!" thought the little girl. As she went into the dining-room she was trying hard not to cry. But at her place she stood still and uttered a cry of delight.

There lay a big white envelope with rosebuds painted on it.

"A valentine! A valentine!" she cried, waving it so that her father and mother could see.

"Yes, dear," answered her mother, smiling. "Open it and see if you can tell where it comes from."

Phoebe tore open the envelope and drew out the valentine.

In the center was drawn the head of

"It's the Best Valentine I Ever Had," She Said.

a little girl with yellow curls, big blue eyes and very pink cheeks. It looked as tho the child who made it had drawn it from a doll. Around the head in a circle were pasted blue forget-me-nots which had evidently been cut from an old seed catalog. It was the biggest and most ambitious valentine Phoebe had ever received; below was written a little verse.

"Isn't it lovely!" she cried, delighted. "And see the poetry—not printed, but written with pen and ink so some one really wrote it just for me! Let me read it to you."

And she read:

"This verse is an apology,
To beg forgiveness, dear Phoebe,
For all the fault was mine;
We have not had a happy week,
It makes me wretched not to speak,
For you're my valentine."

"What does all that about not speaking for a week mean?" asked her father, laughing, as she finished reading.

"Do you know who sent it, dear?" inquired her mother.

But Phoebe did not look surprised.

"It's the best valentine I ever had," she said, without answering.

A few minutes later, when she and Peter left the dining-room together, she touched his arm and said softly: "Peter, I am very sorry I was so silly and cross last week; you mustn't say it was your fault, because it wasn't."

And so they kissed and made friends again; for Phoebe knew who sent the valentine.

A Valentine Party.

A VARIATION of a salmagundi party will afford more opportunity for the Valentine day spirit to crop out than any other form of entertainment. In the frequent changes from table to table there is also a change of partners. Each player should be given a heart-shaped card made from red or pink stiff paper. There should be a table for every four guests, and on each table a different game or contest should be arranged. The guests should be assigned to the tables in pairs. This can be conveniently arranged by marking the heart-shaped cards with table and couple numbers. Limit the time at each table to fifteen minutes. After the allotted time is up the players all change tables—going either in fours or twos to another table. If the tables change in couples, care must be taken that each player has an opportunity to play at each table. A little maneuvering of guests on the part of host or hostess will keep matters straight in this respect.

At the first table heart quoits can be played. In the center of the table fasten a pin or hob, as it is called. A wooden skewer wound with red or pink paper and held upright on a square of cardboard with sealing wax would do. Bend wire into heart-shaped quoits, fasten the ends together with thread and wind the quoits with paper to match the hobs. The quoits should be two or three inches long when finished. The guests sit about two feet from the table and throw the quoits in turn. Each quoit over the hob counts one. The guests write their scores on slips of paper, sign their names and, when they change tables, give the slips to the hostess.

At table 2 each player should be given a pencil and a piece of paper with the word "valentine" written at the top, with instructions to write a valentine message containing words beginning with the letters of the word valentine in the order in which they occur in this word. The players sign their names to their efforts and hand them to the hostess at the end of the fifteen minutes allotted.

At table 3 each guest makes a valentine. This table should be stocked with a box of papers, scissors, colored crayons, paste, bits of paper lace, ribbon and tinsel and colored pictures which can be cut up. The players put their names on the backs of their valentines and file them with the hostess.

At table 4 there should be a stack of the advertisement pages from magazines and the guests should be asked to compose a verse—two lines will do—the words of which are words found in the advertisements, and whose sentiment is appropriate to Valentine's day. Like the valentines, these verses should be signed and given to the hostess.

The card game of hearts might be played at another table and anagrams at another. For the game of anagrams each player in turn turns over an anagram, and the player who first calls the name of some flower beginning with the letter turned gets the letter to his credit.

After all the games have been played the awarding of prizes takes place. The valentines, verses and valentine messages are numbered, pinned up on curtain or wall and voted on by the guests. The one getting the greatest number of votes wins the prize. The scores of each player at quoits, hearts and anagrams are compared and the highest in each contest wins a prize.

These prizes should, of course, be inexpensive—some trifle which suggests the day. A little booklet of verses for the best verse writer—dainty ones can be bought for 25 cents; a heart-shaped box of sweets for the winner at quoits; a pack of cards for the one whose heart score was the highest; a little colored print for the one whose valentine was judged prettiest; a heart-shaped pincushion for the winner of the anagram contest and perhaps a dainty little note or memorandum book for the one who wrote the cleverest valentine message.

A BAD ONE.

Basil, aged 4, was spending a few days in the country, and hearing, for the first time, a mule braying, he said:

"Uncle, you ought to give that horse some medicine. He's got the whoopin' cough awful bad!"

SELF DEFENSE

DEFEAT BACKACHE AND KIDNEY TROUBLE WITH ANURIC.

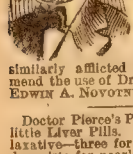
Many Illinois people have suffered from rheumatism and kidney trouble and have found that Anuric was the most successful remedy to overcome these painful and dangerous ailments.

The lucky people are those who have suffered, but who are now well because they heeded nature's warning signal in time to correct their trouble with that wonderful new discovery of Dr. Pierce's called "Anuric." You should promptly heed these warnings, some of which are dizzy spells, backache, irregularity of the urine or the painful twinges of rheumatism, sciatica or lumbago. To delay may make possible the dangerous forms of kidney disease, such as Bright's disease, diabetes or stone in the bladder.

To overcome these distressing conditions you should take plenty of exercise in the open air, avoid a heavy meat diet, drink freely of water and at each meal, take Dr. Pierce's Anuric Tablets (double strength). You will, in a short time, find that you are one of the firm indorsers of Anuric, as are thousands of your neighbors.

Send Dr. V. M. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., 10 cents for trial package.

CHICAGO, ILL.—"I was very sick. Had backache and spineache. I had used a number of remedies. Finally, I began taking Dr. Pierce's Anuric Tablets, and they have helped me very much. I have also used Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, and they are wonderfully active in their work. I am feeling well and robust and have the strength of ten. To all who are similarly afflicted I cheerfully recommend the use of Dr. Pierce's Medicine."—EDWIN A. NOVOTNY, 1160 W. 19th Street.



Doctor Pierce's Pellets are the original little Liver Pills. One little Pellet for a laxative—three for a cathartic. Sold by druggists for nearly 50 years.

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Save $15 to $200

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Cameras, Moving Picture Machines, Silverware, Electric Flashlights, Lace Curtains and many other beautiful and useful articles for taking 6 Post Cards or Art & Religious Pictures. Sell 20 pkgs. of Post Cards or 20 Art & Religious Pictures at 10c each, your choice. When sold send us the $2.00 and select from our Large Premium List the premium given for selling these goods.

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SIX ROOM MODERN HOME Just As Beautiful As It Looks

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I WANT TO GIVE YOU THIS HOME

THIS IS MY BIG ADVERTISING OFFER—READ AND ACT

THIS is the most wonderful offer ever appearing in this magazine. It is so stupendous, you may find it hard to believe, but it's true, every word I say. It will positively be given free of cost. I mean just what I say—there are no strings to my generosity—no "ifs" nor "ands." I do this to advertise my business.

Just imagine now for a moment, that this beautiful Home was yours, a neat picket fence around it, flowers growing in well arranged beds, rose bushes climbing the lattice at the porch ends, sending their fragrance into your nice, cool bedrooms.

NO MATTER WHERE YOU LIVE—ANYWHERE IN THE U. S.

IT DOES not matter to me where you may happen to live—you may be on a ranch, a farm, a ten-acre garden tract, in a village or a large city, (just so you live in the United States), your chance is equally good of being presented with this elegant six room modern home. Don't sit back—don't say, "It is not for me," or "No such luck could be mine." You are only fooling yourself when you let such thoughts enter your mind. Set yourself right down and send me your name and address today, before you lay this magazine aside.

I WILL EVEN ARRANGE TO BUY A LOT FOR YOU

PERHAPS you do not own a lot—don't allow this to prevent your sending in your name and address. I'll take care of everything. I'll arrange to get a lot for you. Rush your name and address quick and I will send you floor plans and particulars—all free.

P. M. YOUNG, Pres., Dept. 706, Batavia, Illinois

Old Folks

Young or Old

No matter whether you are a man or a woman, twenty years old or seventy, all you need do is send the coupon with your full name and address and it will be sent to you, without a penny from you. *Age is no barrier to health*, and this liberal trial offer is open to all *Old* people as well as middle-aged and young men and women. We want to send every elderly person a full-sized one dollar box of Bodi-Tone *on trial*, the same as we send it to the young and middle-aged, all at our own risk and expense, to prove how Bodi-Tone acts in ailments of the old as well as the young, to prove what it does for persons suffering from bodily weaknesses and ailments, whether from age or otherwise. *This trial offer is open to all men and women*, freely, generously, without any age limit. Thousands of persons, old and young, have sent for Bodi-Tone on trial, without paying a penny, and found it put new flesh on their bones, new vigor in their minds, new vim in their muscles, and new vitality into every vital function, and we want *you* to try it, to see if it will not do as much for you.

All you need do is to say "I Want to Try It" and a dollar box will be handed out to you.

It makes no difference who, where or what you are, Bodi-Tone takes all the risks, and asks no pay if it does not benefit. You don't need to write a long letter, don't need to fill out any tiresome blanks, don't need to send any money or stamps. We don't ask to know your ailment and you need not write a word about it. All troubles originate in the body, and *Bodi-Tone acts the body right*. All you need do is clip out the coupon, which says "I Want to Try Bodi-Tone," fill in your name and address, and we will send Bodi-Tone to you. This is how Bodi-Tone wants to be tried by old and young; this is how it wants to prove its curative powers. We are glad to send it to you without a penny, glad to give you a chance to try it, to learn about this medicine which has brought new health and vigor to so many aged, suffering and feeble persons, old and young, glad to show you how health can be created at all ages with the right medicine, made from the right ingredients. If Bodi-Tone benefits you as it has benefited thousands, pay us a dollar for it. If you are not satisfied, don't pay a penny. We won't ask for pay or dun you, for we leave it all to you. *Clip the coupon and send for it today.*

Bodi-Tone Tones All the Body

It cures disease by toning all the body, and we want to show you what it will do for *your* body. Bodi-Tone is a small, round tablet that is taken three times every day, after meals. We send you the full-sized one dollar box *on trial* so you can try this great remedy and learn what it is, so you can learn how it works in the body, how it *cures stubborn diseases* by helping nature to tone every organ of the body. Tone is a little word, but it means a great deal, everything in health. When all the organs are doing their part, when each is acting in a perfectly natural way, when all the functions are healthy and performed with natural vigor, when the energy, strength and power of resistance to disease are all at a natural point, then the body is in perfect tone. When disease has attacked any part, when lack of vitality is found and felt, the tone of the entire physical body should be raised to the highest possible point, to make all the body help to cure and restore. This is the power which underlies all of Bodi-Tone's great work for the sick, this is the power it offers you to help you get new health and strength, new vigor and new vitality.

What Bodi-Tone Is

Bodi-Tone is not a patent medicine, for its ingredients are not a secret. It contains Iron Phosphate, Gentian, Lithia, Chinese Rhubarb, Peruvian Bark, Nux Vomica, Oregon Grape Root, Cascara, Capsicum, Sarsaparilla and Golden Seal. Such ingredients guarantee its merit.

Natural Curatives To Make Natural Health

When you use Bodi-Tone you know just what you are using, know it is pure and safe and know you are taking the right kind of medicine to provide real help for the body. It contains nothing that your own family doctor will not endorse and say is a good thing. It does not depend on killing pain with cocaine, opium, morphine or other dangerous drugs. It does not excite the body with alcohol, but it tones the body and cures its disorders with remedies nature intended to use and cure the body when that power was given them. Thus, Iron gives life and energy to the Blood, Sarsaparilla drives out its impurities, Phosphate and Nux Vomica create new nerve energy and force, Lithia aids in the Kidneys and dissolves rheumatic deposits, Gentian does invaluable work for the Stomach and Digestive forces, Chinese Rhubarb and Oregon Grape Root promote vigorous Liver activity, Peruvian Bark raises the tone of the entire system, Golden Seal soothes the inflamed membrane and checks Catarrhal discharges, Cascara gives the Bowels new life in a natural way, and Capsicum makes all more valuable by bettering their quick absorption into the blood. *A remarkable combination that does wonderful work for the body's health.* Each one of its ingredients adds a needed element from nature to the body, for Bodi-Tone is altogether *a natural remedy*. Each has a certain work to do in the body and does it well, in a natural manner. They are used in Bodi-Tone because of this ability. We claim no credit for discovering these valuable ingredients, each of which has a well deserved place in established medical science. We claim only the credit for our successful Bodi-Tone formula, which is our own discovery, for the way in which we have *selected, proportioned and combined these great natural curatives*, and for the health-making work which Bodi-Tone has so well proven its ability to perform in the body. The curative forces which Bodi-Tone so ably uses are the forces which have always existed in nature for the restoration of the body's health. Many are regularly prescribed by good physicians in combination with such drugs as each doctor may favor, for there are wide differences of opinion among doctors of various schools. The *exact combination used in Bodi-Tone* is what gives it the far-reaching and thorough curative and restorative power that makes possible the remarkable cures experienced by Bodi-Tone users, cures which prove the difference between Bodi-Tone and common remedies, cures which have won the gratitude of thousands.

Why Not Use Bodi-Tone To Set Your Body Right?

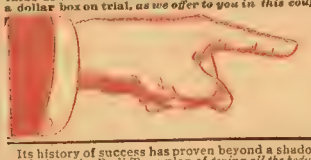
If you are tired of continual doctoring and bad health, if you are wearied of feeling you cannot depend on your body to act right and do its full duty, *you need Bodi-Tone right now*, and this offer gives you a chance to try it without risking a penny. You need it to seek out your weak spots and make them stronger, to stop the leaks which have been draining your vitality, to make your organs capable of giving you the right measure of strength, vigor, energy and full-blooded comfort your body should have. If there is anything wrong in your body, if any organ is acting in a way which you realize and know is not right, send for Bodi-Tone on this trial offer and give it a chance to set you right. If you do not feel right, eat right, sleep right, weigh right, work right and think right, now and all the time, put Bodi-Tone in command of your body for three weeks' time. Let it marshal your bodily forces, let it line them up and work them into shape, until all are marching along straight, strong and harmoniously, in perfect time, tune and rhythm, for that is what Bodi-Tone is for and what it is doing for thousands. If the doctor's prescriptions and ordinary medicinal combinations have failed, let this scientific combination of special remedies show and prove what it can do for you. Its greatest triumphs have been among men and women who had chronic ailments, who had used patent medicines and had doctored with their local doctors and out-of-town specialists, all without lasting benefit. It is because of its great work in these cases that all chronic sufferers and persons with obstinate diseases are invited to try a dollar box of Bodi-Tone at our risk.

Why Remain Ill? Why Be a Slave To Bad Health?

Why remain in ill-health month after month, why allow your body to make you a slave to ills, humours, distress and discomforts, when it is so easy to procure a trial box of this home treatment which has restored thousands to vigorous health and glorious strength? Why delay another day, when a trial of this proven medicine is yours for the asking? Why keep on suffering, when by filling in your name and address on the trial coupon and mailing it to us you can get a full-sized one dollar box of this great tonic which people everywhere are praising and talking about. It just costs a stamp to write for it, and you don't need to pay a single penny for the medicine unless Bodi-Tone benefits you. You have all to win and nothing to lose, no matter what your ailment may be, by thus trying it.

Thousands of Cures

of Rheumatism, Stomach Trouble, Kidney, Liver and Bladder Ailments, Uric Acid Diseases, Female Troubles, Bowel, Blood and Skin Affections, Dropsy, Piles, Catarrh, Anæmia, Sleeplessness, LaGrippe, Pains, General Weakness and Nervous Break-down, have fully proven the power and great remedial value of Bodi-Tone in such disorders. Each one got a dollar box on trial, *as we offer to you in this coupon.*



Its history of success has proven beyond a shadow of doubt how the Bodi-Tone plan of *toning all the body* is a right plan that helps to *cure* these and other disorders, that it is *a real aid to nature*. Many who had for years been in poor health and had tried good doctors and most all of the prominent medicines, have found that *one single box of Bodi-Tone* did more good than *all* other treatments combined. It goes to the root in the body and cures because its work is rational and thorough, the only kind that makes cures permanent. Read the reports, showing how Bodi-Tone makes new health and strength, send for a box on trial at our risk and see if it will not prove the *right thing* for you.

Your Own Opinion Decides! *When you use Bodi-Tone on this trial offer you take absolutely no obligations to pay one penny unless it satisfies, nor to buy any medicine at any time. We leave it all to you—your opinion decides it. You will know if you feel better, if you are stronger, more vigorous and active, if your limbs and back do not pain you, if your stomach or kidneys do not trouble you, if your heart or liver does not bother you. You will surely know if your organs are acting better than they did before using Bodi-Tone, and if health is returning. IF YOU ARE NOT SURE, DON'T PAY.*

Had Heart And Liver Trouble; Wife Had Bad Rheumatism

REA, MO.—I was in an awful condition, unable to do anything on the farm or any chores without distress. I was almost a wreck and had no strength or appetite. I had Heart Trouble so badly that I could not lie on my left side. My breath was terribly short, and I would get dizzy spells. The doctors told me I had an Enlarged Liver. I kept getting worse all the time, although I was doctoring with good doctors right along. My weight was down to 135 pounds. The Bodi-Tone trial offer led me to try it. Before I had taken all of three boxes I was entirely cured of all symptoms. I hadn't a pain left in my body. This was two and a half years ago, and I am still in the best of health. I can do a hard day's work and it doesn't hurt me in the least. My weight is now 175 pounds and I feel almost as young as I did thirty-five years ago. My wife, sixty-nine years old, had Rheumatism so badly that at times she could not walk and had to take to her bed. She always felt tired and worn out and her appetite was bad. Bodi-Tone has been a blessing to her, too. She has no more Rheumatism or aches or pains. My wife and I praise Bodi-Tone everywhere, for it does even more than cure diseases. It makes old folks forget their age and feel young again.

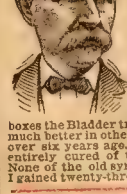
ELIAS DROSS.

Constant Convulsive Spasms

WATERVILLE, MINN.—Bodi-Tone proved a God-send to me. When I sent for it I was suffering from Nervousness and extreme Convulsive Spasms. I had suffered with these latter for twenty-five years. My condition had become very serious. I was Constipated nearly all of the time, with a continuance of miserable sick Headaches. My Heart, too, was irregular at times. It would frequently seem to almost stop beating. The doctors could scarcely distinguish it beat. I had the doctors so much and used so much medicine that I thought nothing would do me any good and had given up all hopes of ever getting well. When I learned of Bodi-Tone the trial offer seemed so fair to me that I sent for a trial box. After I had taken it I knew I was on the right track and that Bodi-Tone was the right medicine for me. I took six boxes and can truthfully say that Bodi-Tone cured me. I have never had a spasm since, now four years. I am fifty-four years old. MRS. H. N. BEAGE.

Stomach Trouble, Bladder Trouble, Bright's Disease

ROYAL, ARK.—I suffered for years with Stomach Trouble, Indigestion and Catarrh of the Bladder, as a result of Malarial Fever. For eight years my worst trouble and suffering had been with my Bladder. I had great difficulty at times in passing water, there being a painful smarting and burning, and at other times I would experience difficulty in retaining it. My condition had become very serious, the urine being accompanied with slime and blood, and I feared that Bright's Disease had set in. I tried various remedies and doctors with no benefit until I read about Bodi-Tone in one of my papers and sent for a one-dollar box. The results from this box were so satisfactory I ordered more Bodi-Tone and kept right on using it. When I had used three boxes the Bladder trouble had entirely ceased and I was much better in other ways. I started to use Bodi-Tone over six years ago. It cured me then and I am still entirely cured of the troubles at seventy-five years. None of the old symptoms remained or have returned. I gained twenty-three pounds. H. E. EVERTS.



Trial Coupon

(Send to Dept. Chicago Office)

Bodi-Tone Company,
2100 North Ave., Chicago.

I have read your offer of a full-sized one dollar box of Bodi-Tone on trial and am going to send you a trial by return mail, postpaid. I will give it a fair trial and understand if I find it benefits me in any way I am under no obligation to buy any more, but will keep you entirely square. Neither I nor any member of my family have ever used it.

Name _____

Town _____

State _____

Street or R.F.D. _____

You Are To Be The Judge

Ruth's Valentine

A Story for Children

THERE were four beings who lived in the small brown house by the roadside. Mr. Alison, who worked in a lawyer's office, cultivated the small garden in the summer and in winter chopped wood, tended fires and studied law in the long evenings. Then there was his young wife, who did the housework and made most of the clothes for the family and in the intervals gave Ruth her lessons. Ruth was their "blessed baby," 6½ years old. Last, but not least, there was the mortgage—the greedy mortgage, that prevented them from having good things to eat, made Mrs. Alison patch, darn and do wonderful feats of "making over," and kept papa thin and pale from overwork and the house from having the paint it so sorely needed.

Ruth had heard of the mortgage for most of her little lifetime, and she thought of it as a sad something, not at all unlike the dragon in her fairy book—the one with an appetite for children. So when her mother, the day before St. Valentine's day, answered her request for some pennies to buy a valentine with a hug and the oft-repeated answer that she had no pennies to spare just then, wise little Ruth laid it to the mortgage and said no more.

"Are written ones nice, mamma?" she asked.

"Nicer than bought ones sometimes," answered mamma, cheerfully. "To whom do you want to send a valentine, dear?" she asked a little later, seeing the child busy with her paintbox and some bits of paper.

"It's for the old lady, mamma. I don't believe she will have many, and I think I'll have her for my valentine—wouldn't you? You said she 'suffers terribly,' and I feel so sorry for her."

The old lady was a rich and bad tempered old person who lived in a great house, with towers like a castle, not far from the Alisons. The house stood in the middle of a sandhill park, surrounded by an iron fence, of which the palings were surmounted by gilded spearheads. "It's exactly like the enchanted house," Ruth had often told herself as she peeked in. The old lady was too ill ever to walk, but Ruth and her mother had sometimes seen her driving in the carriage or being wheeled about the garden in an invalid's chair in summer, and she always looked cross and sick.

Ruth held up a tiny sheet of "Brownie paper" on which there were two vermilion hearts, transfixed by a wabbly arrow, and four lines of straggling writing. Mrs. Alison read it soberly, tho her eyes twinkled:

"I know an old lady with silver hair;
Tho she is old I do not care;
I'll take her for me,
My own true Valentine to be."

"That's nice, pet," she said. "I'm sure she'll like it."

When Mrs. Alison had put on Ruth's warm outdoor garments that afternoon she forgot all about her, and Ruth, quite forgetting to mention where she was going, took her valentine, in its small envelope, and went directly to the gate of the old lady's home, and the lodge keeper, supposing she had a message for some one, opened the gate directly.

It was a long, long way up to the house, but she trudged along thru the snow until she came to the pillared stone porch. Some careless servant had left the heavy front door ajar, and after several timid knocks, Ruth pushed it open.

"I'll play I'm St. Valentine and walk straight upstairs," she told herself.

When she reached the first landing chance led her to the right one of several doors, and a peevish voice answered her knock.

"Come in."

So Ruth opened the door, and there, sitting close to a blazing wood fire, was the old lady herself.

She was a fierce-looking old lady, with a pointed nose and chin that nearly met, and from under her mass of white hair a pair of sharp eyes peered out.

Ruth came in, as she had been bid. She stumped across the room, and her shiny new rubbers sank deep into the soft carpet. From under her scarlet hood a few black curls escaped in little tendrils; her cheeks were deep pink from the cold, and dimpled charmingly when she smiled, and her soft black eyes looked up affectionately into the old lady's sharp ones.

"I'm St. Valentine," said Ruth, "and I've brought this for you."

Perhaps the cross old lady had long ago been a black-eyed little girl herself. At any rate, she made no protest as the "Brownie" envelope was laid on her black satin knee, and St. Valentine took off her mittens to warm her cold pink fingers at the fire.

The old lady's trembling fingers took up the little missive where, all unknown to its bearer, the thumb of one red mitten had printed a rosy seal, and opened it. She stared so long at the verse that Ruth offered to read it to her and did so, leaning confidingly against the old lady's arm. When she finished she looked up for the answer.

"That is sweet of you," said the old lady, and all the peevishness was gone

VALENTINE

Your eyes are red,
Your nose is blue;
I'm almost friz
And so are you.

No words of love
Can I repeat
When I am think-
Ing of steam heat.

And you—your thoughts
Are far away;
You want to eat
And hit the hay.

And so, let's cut
This wooing thing
And do our coo-
Ing in the spring!

from her voice. "Do you really want me to be your valentine?"

"Yes, I do," said Ruth. And so it was settled.

"Won't you take off your coat and stay a while?" asked the old lady in tones that would have astonished her long-suffering attendants.

So presently Ruth was sitting on a hassock in front of the fire and her copper-toed shoes buried in a white bear rug, while the andirons, in the shape of solemn-looking owls, blinked their round, yellow glass eyes at her. They all had a beautiful time together. It really was surprising how entertaining the old lady could be. She told exciting tales of when she was a little girl and had a white pony, which she rode "down in Virginny." She exhibited wonderful carved temples and idols from Japan and balls that opened to disclose smaller balls that held still smaller balls, until the last one was no larger than a pea. She gave Ruth queer Chinese sweetmeats from a red lacquered box, and "to keep for her very own" a fan edged with lace and adorned with painted peacocks.

In return Ruth told all her childish history, even about the greedy mortgage, which was, she said, "so hungry we have to feed it all the time, and it will eat anything. If we didn't feed it it would take our house. Don't you suppose a mortgage looks like the dragon in the Fairy Book?"

The old lady said she supposed it was something like that. She was enjoying Ruth's visit immensely, and twice she laughed aloud at something the child said, so that the tall footman, entering with the tea tray, jumped so that he nearly dropped it in surprise at the unusual sound.

They had tea together, and when Ruth said she was not allowed real tea the old lady made the footman make "cambric tea" for her, which he did, under Ruth's directions, with an air of condescension. They had plum cake, too, but when a tall clock in the corner chimed 4, Ruth hastily swallowed the last crumb of hers and jumped up.

"Oh, I have to be in by a quarter past 4," she said, "and your front yard is so long I must hurry."

A pleasant-faced nurse came forward from the next room, where she had been sitting, to help Ruth with her coat and rubbers, and Ruth kissed her for "thank you." Then she ran to her valentine, threw her arms about her neck and kissed her warmly.

"I've had a lovely time," she cried. "Don't forget I am your valentine."

And the old lady, who probably had not kissed any one in a great many years, surprised herself by returning the caress and asking Ruth to come again. Then she sent her home in the carriage with the two prancing horses, to Ruth's intense delight. Her mother's astonishment when she saw her small daughter solemnly assisted to alight by the grand footman was intense.

Ruth never saw her valentine again, for when she went, as she had promised, the old lady was too ill to see her.

While the old lady lay sick, things went from bad to worse in the small house. The mortgage was greedier than ever; Mrs. Alison was sick for a month, and when she got well her husband caught a cold, which he seemed unable to get rid of. He consulted the doctor, who looked grave and advised a change of air. "A few weeks in the South, now—I can do little if you stay here."

"He might as well prescribe a change of head," said papa, cheerfully. "I'll get well without that, honey," he told his wife.

But he did not get well, and at last he had to take two weeks' vacation "to get well in," and at the end of the two weeks he coughed worse than ever, and was almost discouraged.

"Guess I'll hire myself out to cough into phonographs for an advertisement for some cough medicine firm—a horrible example of neglected cold. I don't seem to be good for anything else. If it wasn't for that mortgage we could——"

Could what was never said, for something in his voice made Ruth and her mother both hug him tight, and just then the postman rang.

"It's a big letter for you," cried Ruth, dancing in, glad to have something to take his thoughts off the mortgage.

Papa opened it, and as he read, the terrible mortgage shrivelled up into only a piece of paper, and never again had it any terrors for them.

"Look here, honey!" he cried, excitedly, to his wife, who ran to read over his shoulder. "Why, Ruth, you are an heiress! The old lady has died and left you $5,000 in her will, because you were her valentine."

"Five thousand dollars! That will pay off the mortgage, and send you South to get well!" exclaimed Mrs. Alison.

"Will you lend me some of your money, Miss Heiress, if I make over the house to you?" asked papa, laughing.

But Ruth was crying because the old lady was dead.

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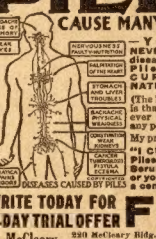

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For the Needleworker

Abbreviations of Crochet Stitches

ch st—Chain stitch.
si cr—Single crochet.
do cr—Double crochet.
tr cr—Treble crochet.
do tr cr—Double treble crochet.
p—Picot.
sp—Space.
gr—Group.
*—Sign of repetition.

Ch st, make a loop over hook, thread over hook, pull second loop thru first loop, repeat for the length required.

Si cr, make a length of ch sts, skip 1 ch st, insert hook into 2nd ch st, thread over hook, draw thru the ch st, making 2 loops on hook, thread over hook, thru both loops.

Do cr, make a length of ch sts, thread over hook, skip 3 ch sts, insert hook into 4th ch st, draw thread thru ch st, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru the 2 remaining loops.

Tr cr, make length of ch sts, thread over hook twice, skip 4 sts, insert hook into 5th ch st, draw thread thru ch st, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru the 2 remaining loops.

P, make 5 ch sts, catch back into 4th ch st, from the hook, pull loop thru.

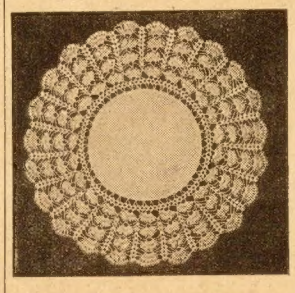
Sp, 1 d c, 2 ch sts, skip 2 sts, forms 1 sp.

Gr, 1 d c into each st for 4 sts together form 1 gr.

Lace for Edge of Set of Doilies.

BY ELIZABETH BERNE.

THIS attractive lace edge, while pleasing, is very simple and can be made for any size of doilies. The model is a 9-inch doily when completed, having a center of 4¼ inches of linen. This center is of damask having small polka dots close together. The material is not expensive and a half yard will make a medium sized centerpiece and a set of doilies. Being all white, this set can be used as



often as desired without fear of its wearing out. The numerous trips to the laundry will only make it fresh and attractive. Number 30 mercerized crochet cotton is used.

Start with 9 ch sts. 1st Row—1 do cr into the 8th st, 2 do cr into the same st, 2 ch sts, 3 do cr, 1 si cr into the last st, 7 ch sts, turn.

Second Row—3 do cr, 2 ch sts, 3 do cr, all over 2 ch sts of previous row, form 1 fan, 7 ch sts, turn.

Third Row—Fan over fan, 3 ch sts, * 3 do cr, 2 ch sts, repeat * twice all over 7 ch sts of 1st row, 7 ch sts, turn.

Fourth Row—Fan over first ch, 2 ch sts, fan over next ch, 3 ch sts, 1 do cr into each of the first 3 do cr of fan of previous row, fan over fan, 7 ch sts, turn.

Fifth Row—Fan over fan, 1 do cr into each of the next 6 do cr, 3 ch sts, fan over fan, 2 ch sts, * 3 do cr, 2 ch sts, repeat * twice over the 2 ch sts of previous row, fan over fan, 7 ch sts, turn.

Sixth Row—Fan over fan, 3 ch sts, fan over first ch, 2 ch sts, fan over next ch, 2 ch sts, fan over fan, 3 ch sts, 1 do cr into each of the next 9 sts, fan over fan, 7 ch sts, turn.

Seventh Row—Fan over fan, 1 do cr into each of the next 12 sts, 3 ch sts, fan over fan, 2 ch sts, fan over fan, * 2 ch sts, over fan, 3 ch sts, fan over fan, 7 ch sts, turn.

Eighth Row—Fan over fan, 3 ch sts, fan over fan, 2 ch sts, fan over first ch, 2 ch sts, fan over next ch, 3 ch sts, fan over fan, 3 ch sts, fan over fan, 3 ch sts, 1 do cr into each of the next 14 sts, fan over fan, 7 ch sts, turn.

Ninth Row—Fan over fan, 1 do cr into each of the next 17 sts, * 3 ch sts, fan over fan, repeat * twice, 2 ch sts, fan over ch, * 3 ch sts, fan over fan, repeat * twice, 7 ch sts, turn.

Tenth Row—* 5 ch sts, 1 si cr over ch center of fan, repeat twice 5 ch sts, repeat * into center of each fan, 5 ch sts, 1 do cr into each of the next 20 sts, fan over fan, 7 ch sts, turn, completing the pattern; repeat for the length required to circle your linen.

On the last row catch the center of each of the 4 chs as you make the 20 do cr, fasten and break thread.

Fasten thread to center st of 7 ch sts with * 1 si cr, 5 ch sts, repeat * at each loop; these sts should be made tight, and draw the lace into a round shape.

Last Row—5 ch sts, * 1 do cr, 1 ch st, skip 2 sts, repeat * for this row, join, break thread. Make a narrow hem on the linen and whip the lace to it with fine thread. Featherstitching of coarse thread, number 10 mercerized crochet cotton, covers the stitches of the hem and forms a finish to the doily.

Popular Beaded Hand Bag

BY ELIZABETH BERNE.

SELDOM, if ever, has the handmade bag reached such a stage of popularity as at present. This is not just a fad on one style or shape of bag, but it is the fashion to carry bags made of various materials. Some are small, in fact, just large enough for a handkerchief and small change, while others are a storeaway for all one's little necessaries.

Of the larger type is the bag shown here. It is a practical, and at the same time a dressy bag. For this, 27 inches of velvet or satin and the same quantity of lining are required, also 2 bone rings, each 4 inches in diameter, and the beads.

The colors used are a matter of choice; for the model illustrated, a very dark shade of navy panne velvet almost as thin as satin forms the bag, with gold beads and old gold lining. The same bag can be very artistically decorated in dull, colored beads, using red, green, yellow and Copenhagen beads, with the lining to match any of the shades of beads used. A black or brown bag could be similarly decorated.

Cut your material 18 inches wide, fold with the seam thru the center and point the ends as shown in the illustration. The design is just a drawing of graceful lines radiating from a cluster of dots at the center, for the lower shower and shooting off 7 smaller showers in a half-circle above it. This is drawn on tissue paper, then basted to the velvet and

beaded thru; the paper is easily removed when the beading is completed.

If one does not feel that she can make a success of the drawing, any simple embroidery or braiding pattern may be used. The pattern should be conventional, not floral, and one having single lines is most effective when beaded.

In making up the bag, sew the edges together from the bottom up, leaving enough of an opening to let the hand pass thru with ease, then continue the seam. Line and finish the edges with loops of beads. Make the narrow band of the velvet or satin of the bag, and stud with the beads, with this band drawn in the bag. Sew the rings to the back of the bag as shown.

HINTS ON APPLIQUÉ.

Applique of all sorts bids fair to supplant, for a time at least, all other forms of handiwork. From the simple "cut-outs" to the most intricate of Oriental traceries, there is an applique to answer every trimming need. But there are divers ways of putting on the applique, and different fabrics demand individual treatment. For the simpler cut-outs of felt, linen or velvet, one may use either a fabric paste or various edge stitchings to secure the applique. Featherstitching, briarstitching, or a dainty buttonholing may also be used. And the stitching is often very effective in contrasting color.

Perhaps you have some bits of Oriental embroidery that you might care to use on a new frock or hat, or bag. Why not cut out the motifs with a pair of very sharp scissors as one very clever girl did, and transfer them to the new surface? Most Oriental embroideries are done on some soft silk which makes the cutting very much easier to accomplish. Unusually intricate work is best applied to the new surface as follows: Using a fine needle, either stitch directly thru the embroidered motif, of course, with self-color silk, taking tiny stitches on the right side and generous ones on the wrong, or, better yet, stitch thru only the underside embroidery, being careful to back-stitch.

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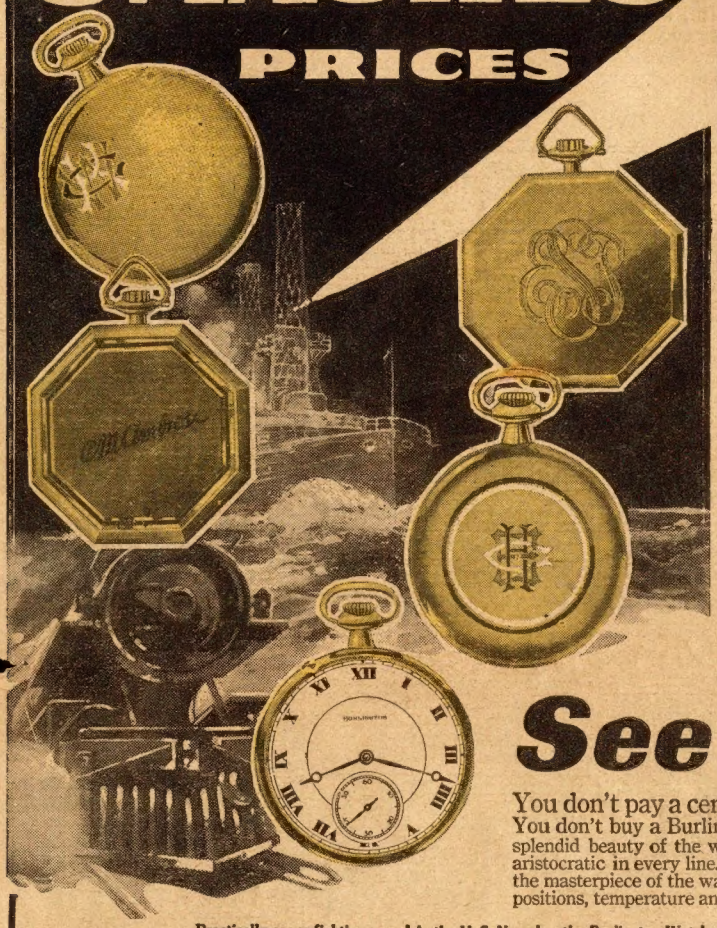

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